SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL. BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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Fiction for a Living

RECENTLY reprinted from the London *Author*, in the American *Publihsers' Weekly*, we find a discussion by John Galsworthy of "Authors and Their Public." In the course of his article Mr. Galsworthy says of young authors:

> I think it's bad for both them and for literature that they should succumb to the demands of publishers, editors, or agents, for this or that kind of story. No one is bound to write fiction for a living. No one should write fiction for a living unless it's the very best fiction, light or serious —according to his grain—that he can turn out.

This, certainly, is the ideal condition. And fiction *is* an important thing, Mr. Galsworthy goes on to say. He believes, and we agree with him, that "most people experience at second-hand (through fiction) far more than humdrum life gives them at first-hand." Well then, it lies with the author what they shall experience. Shall they learn, through him, a scale of false values? Shall they, encouraged by him, come to resort to literature merely as a narcotic? Shall they learn to see life skewed out of all resemblance to reality, smothered in rosy mists, denatured by formula, constantly presented with appeals to infantilism, cupidity, the universal desire of "something for nothing," and the equally universal desire to pin easy, satisfying labels upon "types" of people?

And, on the other hand, shall they be at the mercy of the author's pet obsessions, pet propaganda, windy theorizings, personal spites and grudges, warped and abnormal, though perhaps powerful pessismisms?

If a sincere writer of fiction sat down to contemplate just what effect his writing might have on certain of his audience, the meditation might well engender panic in his breast. The audience is conglomerate, each human life of which it is vastly composed will be separately affected by his story as it bears upon his or her own personal problems. And who can possibly imagine all those combinations of circumstance. No, the author's "duty" to his readers can only be to speak the truth that is in him as he sees it. Except that he has one further duty, a duty well put in a phrase some years ago by a well-known poet and educator. There lies upon him "the moral obligation to be intelligent."

This obligation, it seems to us, does not weigh very heavily upon the minds of most of our recent writers of fiction for a living. The reason seems to be that they *are* writing fiction for a living, and hence, insidiously, the demands of publishers, editors, and agents, have taken the guidance of their creative writing out of their own hands. In preparing manuscripts acceptable in editorial offices and to publishing houses they have learned a series of tricks of technique and certain fundamentals, as they are considered, of "successful" fiction. They know that a primary "love interest" is absolutely necessary, that certain disagreeable truths are taboo, that the story must end with a satisfactory triumph on the part of the principals. They know that for nine magazines out of ten the story must be "motivated" with an obviousness and emphasis that could leave no possible doubt in the mind of a ten-year old, though to more mature minds (of which there are comparatively few among adults) the "damnable iteration" may well seem depressing. They learn to deal in primitive values, to feature perfectly gratuitous strokes of fate in order that their plots may "come out right." They trifle with serious situations, give the lie to their own actual experience of incident, touch up high lights, whip up a froth of "action," pervert to comparatively trivial ends the actual lessons of life. In many cases they completely kowtow to national delusions and hypocrisies, for the sake of a sale. Fiction for a living *is* a serious business, and it brings large emolument in this day and generation if prepared according to recipe, because to certain stock recipes the reading public is thoroughly used. They feel at home with them. Therefore they must be all right. And tabulated circulation figures say quite baldly that certain kinds of stories do "sell the magazine" while other kinds quite as certainly do not.

Now the exercise of the intelligence is not an easy thing. The vast majority of American writers of fiction have extraordinary facility. We are an ingenious and energetic people, and our writers' long suit is ingenuity, and their energy almost appalling. But ingenuity and energy are not intelligence. And so long as "fiction for a living" is the well-paid calling it is at present, just so long, it would seem, will the emphasis remain upon auctorial qualities far less important to the world than intelligence,—that intuitive imagination, that keen observation, that uncompromising use of experience which we recognize in the masters. Or will a new generation arise?

Archangels

By CHARD POWERS SMITH

SHE was not made to die alone, abroad,
In a small room where, all too small, we three
Could only stare at her Gethsemene,
Stricken within the agony of God.
Her little feet were made too light to plod
A journey to earth's hills, and there to end.
A flame was in her eyes that could not blend
With roots of daisies and with growing sod.
Hers was a spirit that was born to lead
Hosts without size, and ages without years,
A silent warrior among the spheres
Where there is neither space nor time nor speed;
And when she died there ranged behind our fears
Great silent wings, inclining to her need.

This Week

"Barren Ground." Reviewed by *Archibald Henderson.*

"The Counterplot." Reviewed by *Mabel Holmes.*

"The Mistress of Husaby." Reviewed by *Allen W. Porterfield.*

"Original Letters from India." *Reviewed by Amy Loveman.*

"Swallowing the Anchor." Reviewed by *Hulbert Footner.*

"The Older Gentlemen." By *Christopher Ward.*

Next Week, or Later

The Deathless Classics. By *Paul Shorey.*

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A New Estimate of Fielding

By WILBUR L. CROSS

NOTHING much more extraordinary has occurred in recent literary history than the new view of Fielding—the man and his books—taken by the present generation. Traditionally Fielding was a poor inebriate who bore down on his friends for a dinner or a guinea. He wrote a number of "theatrical pieces" which are "irretrievably immoral" and "not remarkable for wit," and three or four novels of which "Tom Jones" is a masterpiece, though it is almost as immoral as the plays. I am paraphrasing Thackeray. In France the potent voice was Taine, the brilliant historian of English literature, who set up the thesis that Fielding and his characters were not much more than animals actuated by physical passions only —all of them as thick-skinned as buffaloes. Premonitions of a different Fielding came with the critical studies of Dobson and the common sense of Lowell, who discovered the real man in his books. And there was Lounsbury, who remarked again and again that the publication of a complete list of Fielding's books would of itself prove that the Fielding of tradition was impossible. Fielding's minor writings, he used to say, which has been condemned by men who had never read them, would show what Fielding was doing when it was said that he was reeling from tavern to tavern over the pavements of Covent Garden.

Within the last decade or two a careful canvass has been made of Fielding's career as dramatist, journalist, novelist, and magistrate, with the result that the scurrilous tales about him, largely political in origin, have one by one fallen by the wayside. Fielding's personal life, it is seen, differed in no glaring way from that of other gentlemen of the period. Like all men of his class he drank freely of wine; but his abhorrence of distilled liquors, such as gin, would have satisfied the most ardent prohibitionist of the present day. And so on and so forth. From various critical studies there has emerged a rather heroic figure. In the just phrasing of M. Digeon, "the traditional picture of the *bohème* of letters, the coward in face of pleasure, gradually gives place to the live figure of an untiring fighter. The fact is that Fielding's was a life of implacable toil. As soon as he reached manhood, he had to work. He worked that his family might live. He worked to fulfil his duty as a magistrate; he worked to satisfy his literary ideals and to discipline his genius."

It probably ought not to be so; but there is a class of readers who are unable to separate an author from his productions. Good books cannot come from bad men is their conviction. They would not have a play by Oscar Wilde in the house. Though "Tom Jones" has always been regarded as a great novel, still many have hesitated to give it their full approval on the ground that it reflects the questionable morality of the man who wrote it. As the real character of Fielding has become better known, not only "Tom Jones" but all his other works have risen in estimation. What was once deplored is now praised. Girls in college now read "Tom Jones" in their courses in English literature. It is particularly illuminating to contrast Taine on Fielding with Louis Cazamian, who has recently collaborated with Emile Legouis on a "History of English Literature," not yet translated into English. M.

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Cazamian's are the latest competent words on Fielding. Immature as are the plays that Fielding wrote in his youth, M. Cazamian sees in them "the hand of a master," and compares them with the early work of Molière. In those "theatrical pieces" so often condemned, it is contended, Fielding broke with the artificial comedy of Congreve and led the way to the comedy of manners such as we have in Goldsmith and Sheridan. Equally just and admirable is M. Cazamian's comment on Fielding's novels. And when he takes a final survey of Fielding's literary career, covering a scant quarter-century, he is astonished at the extent and wealth of the accomplishment. In the world's literature Fielding at length is given a place by the side of Lucian and Voltaire.

M. Digeon names Professor Cazamian along with Professor Legouis as his "masters." His book,* which was published in Paris two years ago, now appears in an anonymous translation, exact and excellent, without, however, the supplementary monograph of the text of Fielding's novels that forms a part of the book in the original French. M. Digeon limits his subject mainly to Fielding's novels, though he has something to say about the novelist's plays and essays, rather underrating them as a whole; and there is an introductory chapter on Fielding's career. In a "Foreword" he expresses regret that, owing to the great war, he was anticipated in the publication of a number of "little discoveries" by others who were exploring the same domain.

M. Digeon tells his English readers that Fielding is "one of the greatest writers ever produced by their race." Perhaps we also shall ultimately come to this conclusion. Certainly Fielding is one of the greatest of our novelists. The development of this genius M. Digeon would portray from several points of view. At one time it is Fielding's art; at another his psychology or his ethical code—or a quick interchange of all three. "It was at the theatre and by writing polemics and newspaper articles, that Fielding acquired the habit of a vigorous style." Then came "Shamela," a burlesque of Richardson's "Pamela"; and "Joseph Andrews," a burlesque of the same novel and much more than that; and "Jonathan Wild," a masterly piece of irony; and at last "Tom Jones" and "Amelia." In "Tom Jones" we have "the perfect equilibrium between the two extremes of Fielding's comedy," that is, between irony and sentimentalism; and in "Amelia" the novelist's art of life is set forth in its most elaborate form. Many other writers, beginning with Arthur Murphy, Fielding's first biographer, have drawn the literary portrait on a similar background. The interest in M. Digeon's portrait lies in the fact that it gives us Fielding as he appears to a French critic in the twentieth century.

As might be expected, M. Digeon draws freely upon French literature for comparisons, and for the literary influences that moulded Fielding. As a result, we have the novelist in a somewhat different setting than hitherto. I would not say that the perspective is truer or more comprehensive but that it is not the same. On Fielding's relation with Molière, M. Digeon is especially sound. Like M. Cazamian he points out the influence of Molière on several of Fielding's plays, but he carries the subject over into the novels as well. On the significance of "Joseph Andrews," he says: "Fielding altered the very texture of the novel. One is tempted to hail him, as an admirer hailed Molière: '*Courage, Fielding, voici le vrai roman.*' The spirit which animates him is indeed the spirit which animates Molière. He has Molière's methods, he speaks of his characters and of his art in the same terms. How is it that no one has noticed this? It is the pure discipline of the great French classics, which he imposes upon himself. His is the genius which wills and dominates, which, when it has learnt its aim, marches straight towards it." It is well to say this; though it be an overstatement, for Fielding was versed in the ancient drama and knew and imitated the English comedy of the preceding age. Still, Molière runs all the way through Fielding's novels. It is a fact to which English critics have referred but they have never given it proper emphasis.

On its English side, M. Digeon's book is not so good. There are a few positive errors, as when in one place "Love in Several Masques" is mentioned as Fielding's first comedy and in another place the honor is given to "Don Quixote in England." Again, M. Digeon expresses surprise that none of the biographers seem to have discovered that Fielding, when only twenty years old, lost his fortune, as related in a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her sister, the Countess of Mar, sometime in the summer of 1727. The sentence quoted runs: "Our poor cousins, the Fieldings, are grown yet poorer by the loss of all the money they had, which, in their infinite wisdom, they put in the hands of a roguish broker, who has fairly walked off with it." On this sentence we have the comment: "It is, perhaps, to this reverse of fortune that we owe Fielding's decision to earn his living with his pen." And later on we are informed that Fielding probably had the "swindling broker" in mind when he described the despair of Heartfree after being robbed by Jonathan Wild. The fact is that the reference in Lady Mary's letter, as the context shows, is not to that branch of the Fielding family to which the novelist belonged. The reference is to the family of the Earl of Denbigh, whose daughter, Lady Frances Fielding, is described as "a fool" in the sentence immediately before the one quoted by M. Digeon; and in another letter her "relations" are also called fools. It was these silly women who, "in their infinite wisdom," were taken in by a sharper—not Henry Fielding along with his brother and sisters, whose estate consisted of land lying safe at East Stour.

As indicated by this instance, M. Digeon loves the hypothesis for its own sake. This is a characteristic of modern French criticism. An hypothesis may be as useful in literature as in science; but in either case the hypothesis should be thoroughly tested. To speculate on what may conceivably have happened, and then to draw conclusions as from established fact leads the intelligence astray. M. Digeon writes brilliantly; his style has behind it a fine psychology —not Freud, not psychoanalysis—but the real thing; it penetrates to the heart of Fielding's art and philosophy of life. It is only when he approaches semi-biographical details that lapses become apparent. Then the doubtful hypothesis shows its head. The question may concern, for example, the time when Fielding wrote "Jonathan Wild." Underlying this piece of social and political satire is an allegory, whereby the career of Sir Robert Walpole is depicted in the terms of the career of a thief and receiver of stolen goods. "Jonathan Wild," which was first published in 1743, contains several allusions to events that occurred in the spring and summer of 1742, immediately after Walpole went down to disastrous defeat. Naturally, one would conclude that Fielding wrote his novel at that time. But M. Digeon comes forward with the hypothesis that Fielding wrote out the first draft in 1737; and after the publication of "Joseph Andrews" reworked this old sketch, interpolating the allusions to exactly contemporary incidents and adding as a relief to pure villainy the story of the Heartfrees. There are no facts whatever to support the hypothesis that there was "a primitive *Jonathan Wild.*" It is mere fancy. How, one might ask, could there be any parallel between the rise and fall of Jonathan Wild and the rise and fall of Sir Robert Walpole before the Prime Minister had fallen from power?

It is also difficult to follow M. Digeon in his account of the relations existing between Fielding and Richardson. He overemphasizes the polemic character of Fielding. In his view "Shamela" and "Joseph Andrews" are "polemics" levelled against Richardson. It is, I think, a mistake to see any animus in Fielding's attitude towards Richardson, whose "Pamela" he burlesqued. There is a French proverb which says: *On se moque de ce qu'on aime.* Fielding, I daresay, rather liked "Pamela," else he would not have read it through. He was clearly amused by its sentimentalities and saw and took the opportunity to lay bare the author's mental and artistic equipment. Of "Clarissa Harlowe" Fielding wrote in the highest admiration. Despite this fact, M. Digeon regards "Tom Jones" as a polemic, though milder than "Joseph Andrews," against Richardson. It so happened that Fielding was writing "Tom Jones" while Richardson was writing "Clarissa Harlowe." Fielding's sister Sarah, who was then living with her brother, was a friend of Richardson's also. M. Digeon thinks that Sarah kept Henry "in touch with the progress" of "Clarissa Harlowe," and that Fielding thus composed his "Tom Jones," as it were, with Richardson's novel "in his mind." The conclusion is that "Tom Jones" is a direct reply or challenge to "Clarissa Harlowe." This close "interplay" beween Richardson and Fielding, it is pointed out, has not been observed by "a single biographer." If Fielding did make any personal use of information privately given him by his sister concerning Richardson's novel, he was guilty of an act so dishonorable as to stigmatize his character forever. The impression one gets while reading "Tom Jones" is that its author went his own way with nothing in his mind but his own subject and his own art.

Apart from shaky hypotheses, M. Digeon is admirable on Richardson and Fielding as exponents of the age—the one of its sentimentalism and the other of its realities. A hundred years later they were to have their parallel in Dickens and Thackeray. They were rivals in that they divided the public into two opposing camps facing each other. They differed immensely in temperament. Richardson was jealous of Fielding and abused him in letters and conversation. Fielding was indifferent to Richardson the man, but smiled at his cumbersome art, his conventional moral code, and his lack of knowledge of the life he aimed to describe. To Fielding the world as we have it in Richardson's novels was artificial and unreal; whereas to Richardson Fielding's novels were "low," his women were "drabs," and his men "scoundrels." Richardson's art culminated in Sir Charles Grandison, the perfect gentleman, whose passions move, with the precision of a clock, under the supreme control of the will. Fielding's art culminated in Tom Jones, an imperfect young gentleman, whom Fielding depicted as he saw him, knew him, associated with him, and smiled over his follies, now and then casting a gentle rebuke toward him.

At the same time, we should not underestimate Richardson's technique (which has been praised by Hardy) or his influence upon the novel since his time. M. Digeon is inclined to under-estimate him in both of these aspects. Richardson's novels have obvious dramatic qualities. They have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and in "Clarissa Harlowe" his management of dramatic suspense is masterly. His leading characters are clearly conceived and as clearly delineated. After once making their acquaintance, we never forget them; whether we like them or not, there they stand in our imagination for ever. M. Digeon does not arrive at the whole truth when he asserts that Fielding's example has made the English novel "comic" or "humorous" and has "obliged it to continue as a comic novel." Our novelists have learned from Richardson as well as from Fielding. It would be more nearly correct to say that Fielding began the tradition of the humorous novel, and Richardson the tradition of the sober, sentimental analysis of character. Both kinds, with many alterations in technique, we have with us still.

*The Novels by Fielding. By Aurélian Digeon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $4.50.

Erratum

Through an unfortunate accident a part of the issue of *The Saturday Review* for last week was run without the signature of the author appearing above the essay on George Meredith. The article was written by Professor J. W. Cunliffe of Columbia University.

The following books have been sold for publication in the Tauchnitz Collection: "The Rector of Wyck" and "Arnold Waterlow," by May Sinclair; "The Constant Nymph" by Margaret Kennedy; "Love," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"; "The Thundering Herd," by Zane Grey; "The Son of Tarzan," by Edgar Rice Burroughs; "Orphan Island," by Rose Macaulay; and "Balisand," by Joseph Hergesheimer.

Among recent privately issued publications is a booklet printed in Philadelphia, entitled "Francis Wilson to Eugene Field," a printing, with an introduction by James Shields, of a long letter—the only available letter—written to Field, then in London, by the best known of his many actor friends and sent by Wilson in answer to a characteristic letter by Field. In the introduction to this letter is incorporated much information about Field and Fieldiana now given to collectors for the first time, and based largely on memoranda made from a careful examination of Field family MS treasures.

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Soil and Soul

BARREN GROUND. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARCHIBALD HENDERSON
University of North Carolina

TWENTY-ONE years ago, when I first reviewed one of Miss Glasgow's novels, the characteristic word employed for "The Deliverance" was "epic." So gripped was I by the stark power and epic sweep of that work that it took more than three columns to say what I wanted to say. A quotation from that review may perhaps be permitted here:

> This new novel grips you with the masculinity of its treatment. It betrays the strong, sure grasp of genuine literary craftsmanship, the keen power of clear visualization, the reach and mastery of tremendous ethical interest. There is much of the primitive, the elemental, in the singing passion of the book; and on every page we are taught something of man's place in nature. Beneath our feet is the virgin soil, around us rustle the green tobacco plants, and across the farm, set in the peace and quietness of nature, surge in slow-working deliberation the malignant and destructive passions of class hatred. Slowly, surely, inimitably these passions work toward a climax, the fulfilling of the law of ungovernable hatred. But at the heart of this hatred has been the regenerative force of a pure, unselfish law. In the deliverance of an essentially noble soul from the obsession of an ingrained hatred through the instrumentality of a lofty emotion, lies the moral import of this epic recital of human frailty and human struggle.

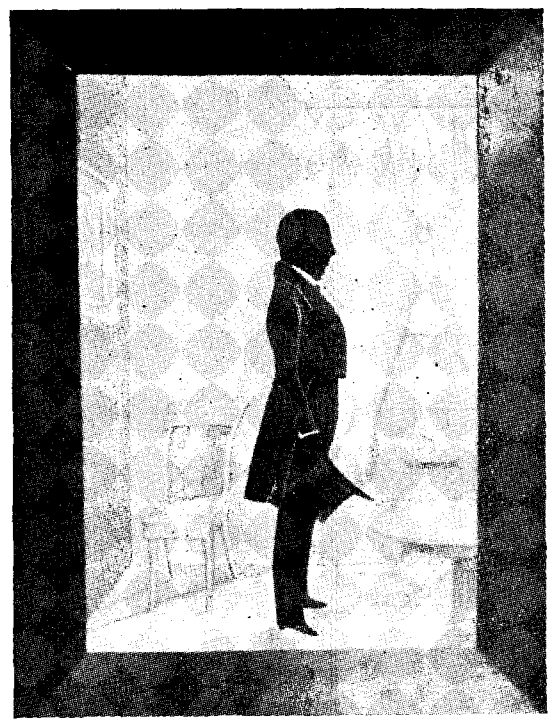
When I encounter reviews of "Barren Ground" entitled "Realism Crosses the Potomac" or some such nonsense, I am staggered anew with the fortuity of fame. For more than a quarter of a century, Miss Glasgow has been writing novels informed with high seriousness, close and sincere studies of regional environment, "realistic" in the only true sense of the word, namely, the close reflection of the forms and nuances of real life in a specific geographic setting, heightened and illuminated through the selective processes of art. Almost at the outset of her career, Miss Glasgow had a sense of epic mass and realistic background. As the waving hemp fields of Kentucky in James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law" soothe and humanize the spirit of the young free-lance of modern thought; as the great staple, Wheat, in Frank Norris's "The Pit," looms ever larger until it takes on the lineaments of Fate; so the dark-green background of the Virginia tobacco fields supplies the resolving mood in the general harmony of Ellen Glasgow's "The Deliverance."

Realism crossed the Potomac twenty-five years ago, when Miss Glasgow wrote "The Voice of the People." Her very first novel, "The Descendant," carried the *indicia* of rugged power—although that penetrating critic, the late Walter Page, insisted that she re-write the first-fourth of the book. The expectations raised by this promising first-novel, were in no small measure realized in "The Voice of the People," strongly sustaining, as it did, the predictions of her admirers. Her wonderful treatment of Nature as an influence upon, an ally of the human soul; the subtlety with which she portrayed the contrasts, distinctions, and incongruities between the old and the new *régime* in the South; her frank, racy, and broad handling of the plantation "darky"; these were qualities of sustained and deliberate realism. The oratorical romanticism of the old South was discarded in favor of the quiet realism of a post-bellum honesty; rooted in sincere recognition of the hardship and struggle imposed by defeat. Austere realism has marked the work of Miss Glasgow virtually from the very outset of her career. But it has not readily become the pliant instrument of her genius. In "The Voice of the People," she paid to realism the heavy price of an unmotived *dénouement* — the realism which pictures life's surfaces accurately, but leaves its dominant cadences unresolved.

By birth and social antecedents, Miss Glasgow is closely linked with the Old South of wealth, leisure, and blue blood. Yet she is uninfluenced by any sense of false allegiance or untutored loyalty to ante-bellum traditions and ideals. On the contrary, she is essentially modern, wholly post-bellum in her outlook. While her associations cluster about the aristocratic and spacious social phases of the Old South, her intellectual detachment and tolerant sanity peculiarly fit her for writing social documents unwarped by sectional passion or local prejudice. To me, "The Wheel of Life" is Ellen Glasgow's one thoroughly disappointing story—marking a desertion of her own special, regional field. In the more sophisticated cosmopolitan atmosphere of that novel, she lacks that certainty of footing which marked her gait in traversing the familiar paths of the Southern plantation.

For long, Miss Glasgow has found the dramatic conflict of her stories in the clash between two strata of civilization in the South. The tragedy of "The Deliverance," for example, is inevitable, since the high-strung, delicately nurtured daughter of the Old South cannot condescend to the rudeness and low ancestry of the son of the New South, redeemed as these qualities are by sincerity, devotion, and steadfast strength. In "The Voice of the People," the stage is set for the clash between the upper and lower strata of society; they impinge upon each other and fall apart, rudely shaken, shattered. In many of her stories we are circumspectly led up to that crucial episode in the life of individuals and of the race when "blood" and "soil" come nobly to the grapple.

Hitherto, Miss Glasgow has been animated by a worthy but somewhat restricted ideal for the writing of fiction. Dwelling in Richmond, that whispering chamber of sectional failure and a lost cause, she has turned her face, with resolute courage, toward the new day of economic and industrial rehabilitation for the South. Her novels have been less biographies of individual destiny than documents of sociological change. They are regional, as is the Sussex fiction of Thomas Hardy; local as are the novelistic studies of the Five Towns of Arnold Bennett. But, till now, they have not been



John Richard Hallam. By Samuel Melford. From "Early Connecticut Artists and Craftsmen," by Frederic Fairchild Sherman (privately printed).

universal. With "Barren Ground," Miss Glasgow at once takes rank with the Hardy of "Tess," the Zola of "La Terre" the Hamsun of "Growth of the Soil."

It is true that Miss Glasgow still finds sustenance for her fiction in the contrast between the social classes—between the Dorinda Oakley of plain origin and the Jason Greylock of aristocratic lineage. But this contrast is immaterial and essentially factitious. "Barren Ground" is a superb study of the evolution of an individual, the growth of character under the grinding stress of individual folly and economic pressure. At the head of this review are the words: Soil and Soul. In conquest of the soil, this glorious heroine saves her own soul alive. Besides the glamorous seductions of Morand, Margueritte, Arlen, the treatment by Miss Glasgow is artistically satisfying in its austerity and virginal restraint. Besides that sugary slave, Leona, in "Arrowsmith," Dorinda is Spartan in courage, heroic in energy and will. She triumphs over Nature and Self with ruthless and iron determination, but in the end Life itself defeats her. She is Napoleonic in ironic consciousness and selfless force: "Could I be what I am, little one, cared I only for happiness?"

To few of us it is vouchsafed to realize our dreams. Love for Dorinda was a beautiful vision—having but slight relation with a human object. Jason was the youthful stimulant to confession, surrender, fall. As the years pass and Dorinda lives in turn the revolving cycles of Broomsedge, Pine, and Life-Everlasting, she finds no satisfaction in revenge, no exaltation in her seducer's ruin. To her is vouchsafed only the triumph of the stoic—who gave to the soil the soul predestined (soon for some ghastly twist of Fate) to another soul. The marriage to Nathan Pedlar is a meaningless interlude in the larger symphony of Life and Destiny. "Behold! I show you a mystery." God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

> In her own life she (Dorinda) could trace no logical connection between being and behaviour, between the thing she was in herself and the things she had done. She thought of herself as a good woman (there were few better ones, she would have said honestly) yet in her girlhood she had been betrayed by love and saved by the simplest accident from murder. Surely these were both flagrant transgressions according to every code of morality! They were acts, she knew, which she would have condemned in another, but in her memory they appeared as inevitable as the rest of her conduct, and she could not unravel them from the frayed warp-and-woof of the past. And she saw now that the strong impulses which had once wrecked her happiness were the forces that had enabled her to rebuild her life out of the ruins. The reckless courage that started her on the dubious enterprise of her life had hardened at last into the fortitude with which she had triumphed over the unprofitable end of her adventure. Good and bad, right and wrong, they were all tangled together.

Surely "Barren Ground" is a great novel—great in austerity, great in art, great in humanity.

A Lovely Enigma

THE COUNTERPLOT. By HOPE MIRRLEES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by MABEL D. HOLMES

HERE, in lovely language, is an enigma. Sparkling with poetic and epigrammatic gems, "The Counterplot" leaves us puzzled, groping for a clue to character, to intention, to interrelation of plot episodes. Is it a diatribe against superstitious Catholicism, or a doxology for the loyal and intelligent devotee of that faith? Is it a satire on Freudianism, or a demonstration of its practical value for facing the issues of life and love? Is it a justification of Don Juan, ancient or modern? What is the plot and what the counterplot? If Miss Mirrlees desired to talk in the bewildering riddles of ultra futurism, she has succeeded.

The book possesses the distinction of embodying two complete plot structures, related to each other only as the presentation of the second in dramatic form, on the lawn of the English country estate which forms the background for the first, is a part of the first. Plasencia is the square, red-brick villa in an eastern agricultural county—Sussex, probably—that houses a family differing from the usual English family in that Mrs. Lane is Spanish by birth and conviction, Catholic by persuasion, and "Dona" by name, to her friends and family. No love is lost between the two daughters, for Concha, the elegant and beautiful, is desired of many, while Teresa, too thoughtful and analytical for popularity, is desired of but one, and he a would-be poet whom she scorns as a *poseur*. Jealous, not of her sister's conquest of Rory Dundas, the easy, engaging, perfectly tailored Scotchman who reads as though he ought to be Irish, but of her sister's power over men, she turns her defeated sex impulse into the channel of a play in which her brilliant literary gift also finds voice. Hence the second plot.

Teresa's play is daring. If the audience who witnessed it had been less dull, they would have been offended, as they were not, as well as shocked, as they were, especially the vicar's wife. For into the outward form of the nuns and priests, the procuress, the knight, and the troubadour of her romantic drama of mediæval Spain, Teresa breathes the spirit of her parents, her sister, her admirer Guy, her brother-in-law, and the man whom vainly she loved. Nor did she omit herself, so that we read her own interpretation of herself as well as her verdicts upon others.

What happens does not greatly matter. But in our straining after significance, our sense of reality vanishes. What matter that Teresa Lane, the lovely Concha married and away, still lingers on the edge of life, wearing indifference as a mask for her knowledge of her own lack of sex charm? What mater that David Munroe—strange anomaly for a Scotchman—is to be a priest, when he should have been Teresa's husband? Their joy or sorrow stirs no respondent emotion; they are figures in a dream. Impatience rather than sympathy is for Teresa, as she tears her soul to bits in analyzing life rather than in living. Spanish matron, pedantic university don, vaporish dilettante, sentimental spinster governess—all, indeed, except two delightfully real English children—are as little alive as are the figures in the far-off Spanish romance in which defeated womanhood expressed its subconscious self.

"At last Teresa knew of what she (her mother)

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was the symbol." We are not so fortunate. We know not of what anything is the symbol. And the title? Does Miss Mirrlees mean by the "Counterplot" to designate the sinister contriving of life and destiny against the plot of life as mortals would fain design it for themselves? Perhaps. We can venture nothing dogmatic. Nevertheless there is a poetic contagion about beautiful phrasings, whether we understand them or not; and, whatever it may have to do with this story, Miss Mirrlees's philosophy carries conviction in her summing up:

> Oh, foolish race of mythmakers! Starving, though the plain is golden with wheat; though their tent is pitched between two rivers, dying of thirst; calling for the sun when it is dark, and for the moon when it is midday.

Epic Fiction

THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY. By SIGRID UNDSET. Translated from the Norwegian by CHARLES ARCHER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD
West Virginia University

THE three Scandinavian countries have undergone so much union and disunion that patriotism flourishes there like lucerne in southern California. At Kalmar, on the southeastern coast of Sweden, the kings convened early in the fourteenth century and patched up an agreement by which Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were to be ruled by one sovereign. This treaty remained in force until 1523. It was a boisterous two centuries during which no one of the kingdoms was entirely satisfied, and Norway least of all. It is in this age that Fru Undset's "Mistress of Husaby," the second volume of a trilogy, is set. The time is approximately from 1319 to 1335, when Magnus VII, grandson of Haakon V (the present King of Norway is Haakon VII), son of Haakon's daughter Ingeborg by Duke Eirik of Sweden, was King of Norway.

This is a very great novel, a really outstanding importation, despite the austere fact that it might be described as so much linked-dourness long drawn out. There are 360 pages of creative reading matter. At the close of each batch of 50 pages, Kristin Lavrans, the heroine, gives birth to a son as the much-beaten-up wife of the hero, Erlend Nikulaussoen. That makes seven in all, and another volume, the last in the trilogy, "Expiration" by title, is to be published in 1926. At the close of the volume before us Kristin is thirty-five years old while Erlend, as vigorous as vigorous can be, is slowly making his way out of jail, having been lodged therein for high treason: he had been found guilty of a mean attempt to rob the duly proclaimed King of his land and lieges in order to procure more offices for the Master of Husaby. The judges who tried him decreed that he "had forfeited his life and all his goods into King Magnus's hands." But Erlend is a mighty fellow. With regard to his wife, herself a lady of high degree, he pursued the policy of "catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing." And yet, these are the last lines but six: "Erland stood a little with his arms laid loosely around her. Then, with a soft moaning sound in his throat, he pressed her to him." And he will be able, in a little while, to press King Magnus's judges away from him with a howl, a whoop, and a hurrah.

Fru Undset—her father is a distinguished Norwegian archæologist—has in this work created an epic dissertation with a soul. Hers is a tale based on facts, but the facts have been made to pass through the alembic of an imaginative heart so that they appear as genuine, not synthetic, fancies.

The translation is good unless it be that there is an excess of effort to render idioms so that they will retain something of the by-gone age; and we can hardly see why the translator was so careful to render time-honored "Kristiania" by the very up-to-date "Oslo" on the same pages on which "Bergen" appears as "Björgvin." The publisher cannot be too highly commended for the illuminating and in no way distracting notes which he has insisted on inserting where they belong. They make for intelligence, and that is essential in the reading of a novel which depicts, through its great host of scenes and characters, the adolescence of a nation.

A Sprightly Chronicle

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM INDIA (1779-1815). By MRS. ELIZA FAY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MRS. FAY'S correspondence has for many years been extant in India, but not until now has it appeared in an English or American edition. Why it should not have been reprinted earlier is somewhat of a mystery, for her letters are among the most delightful of the simpler annals of travel, and have a freshness of interest that neither remoteness of time or scene in the least impairs. A young woman of only twenty-three when she left England in 1779 to accompany her husband to India, Eliza Fay had a lively, if untutored mind, a resolute spirit, unquenchable vivacity, and a zest for letter writing that amounted almost to a passion. No experience was so exhausting, no danger so alarming as to paralyze her pen. She wrote as she felt, now with indignation, now with amusement, always with animation, and since she had keen powers of observation, a nice understanding of human nature, and a voracious appetite for description the journal she kept for her friends in England is a chronicle as sprightly as it is copious.

At the time that Mrs. Fay and her husband started on their journey to India, England and France were at war, and the passage across France was through an enemy country. Yet Mrs. Fay viewed it with no hostile feelings. To be sure she wrote: "I have nothing particular to say of the country; perhaps it may be national prejudice from which no person is entirely free, but notwithstanding all their boasting, I do not think it equals my own dear England." But she admired its scenery, she met with politeness from its inhabitants, and she admitted to preferring wine to beer. "Now don't you envy us all this pleasure?" she asks at the end of a letter that had "literally exhausted" her paper. The pleasure, however, was before long to yield to hardships, in Egypt, on the journey across the Red Sea, and above all in Calicut, where the Fays and their party fell into the hands of Hyder Ali's forces. Through all their adversity, and there were times when not only suffering but danger confronted the prisoners, Mrs. Fay maintained a gallant front, and if at times the misfortunes which followed one upon the other stretched her taut nerves to the breaking point, she chose her moments of physical excitement well and yielded to hysteria and fainting spells only when the necessity for fortitude had passed.

Society in Calcutta offered a welcome and hospitality to the newcomers, and life there afforded amusement and novelty at first, but mental anguish afterwards when Mr. Fay's obstinacy alienated his associates and business connections and when his personal life lost him his wife's affections and ultimately brought about their separation. Her letters dwell briefly upon her marital unhappiness, and then return to the record of a trip to England, a second voyage out to India and the establishment of a business there, still a third journey to the Orient and new business enterprises with fresh disappointments and ill fortune, and finally end with the account of a trip to America.

They constitute a narrative delightfully unstudied in its portrayal of incident and scene, a chronicle which occasionally lapses amusingly into a momentarily mannered style, and which in its revelation of the personality of the author as well as its vignettes of her companions is instinct with vitality. To a quick eye for the picturesque and the salient, and a lively interest in humanity, Mrs. Fay added considerable powers of penetration and the ability to convey a likeness and transmit a mood. She flashes a figure upon her screen in a few happy phrases as when she writes of a loathed companion of the Hyder Ali episode:

> . . . his name John Hare, Esqr., Barrister at Law, a man of the very first fashion I assure you, and who would faint at the thought of anything Plebeian. . . . I want to make you see him; figure to yourself a little mortal, his body constantly bent in a rhetorical attitude, as if addressing the Court, and his face covered with scorbutic blotches. Happily from an affectation of singularity, he always wears spectacles. I say happily, as they serve to conceal the most odious pair of little white eyes mine ever beheld.

That is worthy of a Fanny Burney, and it stands by no means alone in Mrs. Fay's pages.

Mr. E. M. Forster, in the interesting and discriminating introduction which he has provided for her correspondence, ascribes the charm of Mrs. Fay's letters in large part to the intensely personal nature of their comment. Not a brilliant woman, nor a polished writer, nor a subtle or profound thinker, she yet had a quickness of mind and interest and a natural power of expression that lent flavor and piquancy to whatever she wrote. The animation of her spirit still lives in her letters.

Freeing Thought

THE DISCOVERY OF INTELLIGENCE. By JOSEPH K. HART. New York: The Century Co. 1924. $4.

THIS is a history that tells a story, the story of the struggle of thought to free itself from the trammels of outworn customs and inert institutions. Everywhere among primitive peoples man follows the folkways, slavishly it would seem to us of today. Innovation, change from established custom, was one of the most offensive of crimes to be met always by stern repression. Thought was securely bound. The orient till recently continued much the same state of affairs. In Athens during the time of the Persian wars something new in history happened. Thought "awoke from its dogmatic slumber." Partly as cause and partly as effect, the sway of the folkways was broken and mind asserted its right to criticize and mold customs and institutions.

At once arose the battle of the ages, social stability and individual initiative each determined in self-defense to destroy the other. In the midst of the battle came Socrates to say that the fight was a mistake, and the two could live together. Man might have both thought and social stability. But the world was not yet ready to be free. Plato and Aristotle, Alexandria and Rome, the outstanding factors in history for the next thousand years, professed to follow Socrates but their combined effect was to prepare the world for a second reign of folkways during the Middle Ages. Thought was awake but shackled. Man was not free. Initiative yielded for the time to one overpowering authority. But however strong the reign of the folkways may seem at any time to be, it cannot last forever. Authority handed down from above is essentially unstable. Contact with the East, the recovery of ancient learning, the discovery of distant lands, all united to urge man on to freedom. In struggle after struggle thought has asserted itself and modern society begins to achieve a moving stability. The dream of Socrates is at last being realized.

But man himself hinders the process of freedom. He loves his old chains. Unless the better man can take man in hand freedom will never come. Education is the answer, a new education based on the principles of thought and freedom. Primitive life had its education, which bound thought while it professed to free it. A new education which honestly frees is the one sure promise of the freedom that man has at his best so long sought.

This is the story Mr. Hart has told and he has told it well. It is not a contribution to the stock of man's thought, so is not a great book; but a good book it is, a bit too much of a history of education to please some, a bit lacking at times in penetration. It is accordingly not a book for the specialist along this line, but for the rest of us the work has been admirably done. The publishers too have done their part. Pictures are numerous and helpful. Typography is good. Three pages of index complete the whole.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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WILLIAM ROSE BENET.....*Associate Editor*
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Salty Essays

SWALLOWING THE ANCHOR. By WILLIAM MCFEE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by HULBERT FOOTNER

IN everything he writes, Mr. McFee affords the literary taster (a phrase of his own) that purest of pleasures, a veritable flavor. In this collection of essays it is even more evident than in his novels, since himself is the subject here; though with a transparent fiction of modesty, he scrupulously avoids the use of the pronoun I; he is always "the present writer." This phrase it might be pointed out, defeats its own purpose; since it registers the author much more sharply on the consciousness than that smooth coin, the first personal pronoun. As a matter-of-fact, Mr. McFee has a verra gude conceit of himself; it is part of his admirable flavor.

There is nobody exactly like him: he has the simplicity of character that one looks for in a sea-faring man, together with a completely sophisticated mind: he is wise and humane—he is also in certain respects, crotchetty and intolerant: he is full of laughter—yet he writes with a perpetual, but not at all a disagreeable grouch. The words crotchetty, intolerant, and grouchy are used here in a laudatory sense. They are the condiments sparingly used, which combine to produce McFee's fine flavor. In Scotland whence he derives (via Canada and England) the word "dour" is not used necessarily in dispraise. He brings a new pungency to the essay which has fallen into rather an inane convention; and this reader cannot sufficiently express his gratitude. For those tasters who prefer treacle to mayonnaise, there is plenty of the former to be had.

McFee has enjoyed the immeasurable advantage of ripening slowly at sea, whereas the usual writer gets his energies dissipated by the hurly-burly of shore life before he is old enough to find himself. It makes one very envious. The engineer-author is aware of his good luck, yet he is severe upon landsmen. I suppose it is good for us. The sea tends to develop a conservative habit of mind, and McFee is a conservative par excellence; an honest conservative, untainted by hundred-per-centism. He is like a fixed point in a whirling world. It is delightful to find him standing up for such causes as Kipling, secret diplomacy, and Empire, which one had supposed were done for. It renders the theatre of ideas livelier and more interesting. I recommend McFee to those all-conquering radicals who look abroad and sigh for a foeman worthy of their steel. He could give them a run for their money.

His latest book is a meaty volume, generous to the feel. More satisfactory than mere bulk, is the impression one receives, that it offers, instead of a housewifely scraping up of crumbs, a clean whole slice of the author's mind. One has intimations of the balance of the loaf, too. His subjects range all the way from lady passengers on shipboard to Sainte-Beuve. The warp of the author's peculiar and interesting personality binds the whole into a single fabric. The introduction alone ought to be worth the price of the book to Americans. Here we have a view of ourselves by a highly intelligent man, who, with all our faults, has deliberately adopted us. He laughs at us and likes us. That is the real thing. Of still greater value to Americans is the paper entitled: "The Merchant Marine and the Young Fellow." The mere publication of this article ought to clear the air of much windy nonsense that is talked about the American Merchant Marine; but alas! it will not. How, asks McFee with devastating simplicity, can you create a merchant marine in a country where the sailor's calling is in disrepute? And how, anyway, can you make sailors in an age where publicity is the be-all and end-all of existence?

All the papers deal with McFee's two great preoccupations; literature and the sea. There are golden words on the subjects of learning a trade; of becoming an author; of traveling. In the latter paper one rubs one's eyes to discover the irascible engineer advising a young correspondent to take French leave of a ship. He is very human. There are three fine articles on Conrad which achieve the feat of not repeating each other. This is but one of many assurances the reader receives in passage, that "Swallowing the Anchor" is no mere compilation, but a book. Finally, it is a pleasure to call attention to a beautifully turned out book, and in particular to a lovely title-page, a thing all too rare.

The Bowling Green

In the Mail

A Missonary in China writes:—

Everywhere—soldiers, soldiers, soldiers! I believe the bugle call is the most typical sound common to all China and the gray cotton uniform, often very dirty and ragged, is one of the most frequent sights. The drill grounds are innumerable. The soldiers even drill upon the streets. Always they are drilling, drilling, until one wonders what is coming of it all. *China* that once looked upon the soldier class as the lowest and meanest, has now the largest standing army in the world.

Palo Alto, California, writes:—

I have just come up the coast from a favorite stamping ground of mine, the coast of the Santa Lucias, forty miles and more south of Monterey, and as far from a railroad. A sharp ridge slopes steep to the sea, shoulder after shoulder, with lovely canyons of wind-blown redwoods between, so steep that I've seen one stream leap as a waterfall into the sea. A road is notched for a few miles in the perilous slope, and beyond that a trail. Every five miles or so a cabin. Never have I seen such ineffable blues as you find in the sea and over the vanishing headlands. It all has a magic that I can't begin to convey. Ask Percy MacKaye: he went there with me as far back as 1908.

Scituate, Mass., writes:—

I took a book and cigarettes and settled back against a Swampscott dory intending to read and take a dip but the sky burned too blue for reading. It was a day made for nothing more than happy drowsing on hot white sand with eyes half-shut against the glitter of brass-tipped waves. I earned two shoulder-bars and a hasty baptism in ice-water. Now I sit by the kitchen door waiting for the flounder to bake. A nice fat flounder a fisherman gave me. He was flopping around in a boat and I said "Shan't I kill him? He seems so uncomfortable." To which he replied, "Well, he's yours, you can do what you like with him but he'll feel better as soon's he's dried out a bit."

New York City writes:—

Am mailing this to you from the marble letter-box in the Telephone & Telegraph Building. By the way have you noticed the view of the *new* Telephone building as seen from the corner of Nassau and Ann Streets? Will they have a kinsprits' letter-box in the new one too? I hope the architect has considered this. All I want to say is, you've got a severe disappointment coming when you read Doughty's "Mansoul." It's a long epic poem full of Anglo-Saxon lingo and, to me, quite inscrutable. Life is full of disappointments. It happened that the first of Conrad's stories I ever read was "The Planter of Malata," which sounded to me dangerously like bosh. I've since become a genuine Conradian; but I can't stick that particular story; I am told that it is a favorite of Dr. Henry Seidel Canby's; but I can't agree. I think it is almost Conrad's worst.

Cleveland, Ohio, writes:—

When I was in New York I always had lunch at the Exchange Buffet restaurants. Why? Because they reminded me of Sir Walter Scott. Don't you remember Friar Tuck who was fond of exchanging buffets.

Chipping Campden, England, writes:—

It is good to be here, and it amuses me to realize that these pleasant people don't know a thing about the Menace of Pyorrhea. Why has so little been said about A. C. Benson's death. The man wrote beautifully. When I was in college I read "The Upton Letters," one of the most *tranquillizing* books of our time; and on the steamer coming over there was a girl with the most curious julep-colored eyes who lent me his recent one, "Chris Gascoyne," which is not to be despised. I enclose money-order, I want the *Saturday Review* sent to the julep lady; can you conceive it, she had never heard of the magazine. Her address is ——.

Stamford, Conn., writes:—

I am very absent-minded; often I find names and telephone numbers written in my notebook and can't remember what they are there for. Well, lately I had a checking-up; I found a man's name and address among my memoes, it meant absolutely nothing to me. Anyhow I wrote to him, asked if he had ever heard of me and was I supposed to do something for him. He wrote back a most cordial and affectionate letter saying I had already done it. He was my wife's first husband.

London, England, writes:—

Can you explain to me why the English always write *whilst* where we Americans say *while?* Perhaps your Mr. Pearsall Smith, in his new book on lingo now announced over here will say something about it. I can tolerate *whilst* occasionally, but not when they tack it onto distinctly American products. E. G. the other day I bought some Van Heusen soft collars, the British edition of them; and printed inside (right next my neck) is the legend *Iron Flat Whilst Quite Wet.*

Harrisburg, Pa., writes:—

I should like to hear more about Mr. Albert J. Edmunds of Philadelphia, the man who really knows about the Bible. He was the first one to point out, I believe, that a good deal of the Gospels (which the Episcopal Church wants to enforce *in toto*) is entirely political interpolation; for instance that the words "he that believeth not shall be damned" are not part of the original gospel of Mark. I know that you believe in stirring up people about all sorts of insolubilities. I pay honor to Mr. Edmunds for the following passage in his "International Primer" (1914):— "Some years ago it occurred to the writer, during a walk beside the Wissahickon, that there ought to be a world-history agreed upon by all nations. It should deal chiefly with the growth of religion, science, art, and literature, giving credit to each nation for what it has done. Proper credit should be given to the neglected nations, the Chinese and the Hindus, who were developing the arts of peace when we were savages and pirates." I believe in Mr. Edmunds because he is what some old English writer called "a salamandrine spirit."

New Haven, Conn., writes:—

I have just read a most depressing thing in Dorothy Dix's column in one of the papers. Mlle. Dix is advising young women not to use their minds, and says: "No man wants a woman to pose before him as an intellectual. Surely you are not foolish enough to try to entertain the boys who take you out by delivering lectures to them on the theory of relativity, or ask them what they think of Birkson's [sic] philosophy, or expect them to spend a pleasant evening and come again if you read Browning to them?"

Do you not think this is very painful? Some of the pleasantest evenings I have ever spent have been with women who enjoyed reading Browning.

It is understood that the Green offers no solution for problems raised without warning by picturesque or perplexed correspondents. We use them from time to time, gratefully, as an excuse for a week off.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature,* as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth, on a tour of Europe, in his rambles about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. The scene then shifts to England, and to the home of Cosmo's father in which some years previously shelter had been given to a family of French refugees. It is to visit this family, now resident in Italy, that the son has come to Genoa.

THE long window right down to the floor had remained open. Suddenly out on a balcony, he saw a company of infantry in white coats marching across a distant corner of the piazza. Austrians! Yes, their time had come. A voice behind him said: "The messenger is back, sir." Cosmo stepped in and saw Spire empty-handed. "There's a verbal answer, sir."

"What is it? You haven't spoken with the messenger, have you?"

"I have seen him, sir, but I got the message through the innkeeper. He speaks a little English. The lady would be glad to see you as soon after the fourth hour as possible. They have their own way of reckoning time, but as far as I can understand it, sir, it means something between ten and eleven. At any rate, it's what Cantelucci says, and he can tell the time by an English watch all right."

"Shut the window, Spire. I don't want to hear that drum. Yes, it would mean as soon after ten as possible, but why has the fellow been so long? Is it very far?"

"No, sir, I think it's quite close, really. He was so long because he has been trying to give your note to the lady herself and there was some difficulty about it. That innkeeper tells me that instead of handing it to the porter the fellow got through the kitchen door and was dodging about a passage for some time."

Cosmo looked fixedly at Spire, whose face expressed no opinion whatever on those proceedings.

"Dodging in a passage," repeated Cosmo. "But did he see the lady herself?"

"Apparently not, sir. Cantelucci slanged him for being so long, but he said he thought he was acting for the best. He would have been there yet if a black woman hadn't come along and snatched the letter out of his hand. It was she who brought down the message from the lady."

"Oh, yes," said Cosmo. "Don't you remember there was a black maid?"

"Yes, sir, I remember perfectly well, in the housekeeper's room. She learned to talk English very quickly, but she was a little spitfire."

"Was she?"

Spire busied himself in brushing Cosmo's hat while he remarked in an explanatory tone: "She could never understand a joke, sir."

He attended Cosmo into the hall, where Cantelucci with his usual intense gravity and a deep bow asked whether the signore would want a carriage. Cosmo, however, preferred walking; therefore the youth who had taken Cosmo's note was directed to guide the English milord to the Palazzo Brignoli. He had a tousled head of hair and wore a jacket that might have belonged at one time to a hussar's uniform, with all its trimmings and buttons cut off and a ragged hole in each elbow. His cheeks were sunken, his eyes rolled expressively, and his smile discovered a set of very sound teeth.

"*Si, si*, Palazzo Rosso," he said.

Cantelucci explained in his imperturbable and solemn manner that the populace gave that name to the Palace on account of the red granite of which it was built, and the thin-faced lad, bounding forward, preceded Cosmo across the piazza, looking over his shoulder from time to time. Cosmo's doubts and apprehensions disappeared before the inevitable charm and splendour of the town. At the corner of a narrow lane and a small open space with some trees growing in the center of it the ragged guide stopped and, pointing at a dark and magnificent building, left him alone. Massive and sombre, ornate and heavy, with a dark aspect and enormous carvings, the Palace where little Adèle was living had to Cosmo's eyes the air of a sumptuous prison. The portal with its heavy iron-studded doors was reached by a flight of shallow steps, a segment of a wide circle, guarded on each side by an enormous griffin seated, tensely alert with wing and claw, on a high and narrow pedestal. On ascending the steps Cosmo discovered that the heavy door was ajar, just enough to let him slip in; and, at once, from the gloom of the arched passage he saw the inner sunshine on the oleanders of the inner court, flagged with marble, from whence a broad staircase ascended to the colonnaded gallery of the first floor.

Cosmo had seen no porter or other living soul, and there was no sound of any sort, no appearance of movement anywhere. Even the leaves of the oleanders kept perfectly still. In the light of the morning a slanting shadow cut the western wall into two triangles, one dark, the other glowing as with red fire; and Cosmo remained for a moment spellbound by a strong impression of empty grandeur, magnificence, and solitude.

A voice behind him, issuing from somewhere in the big gateway through which he had passed, cried: "Ascend, signore!" Cosmo began to mount the open staircase, embarrassed as though he had been watched by thousands of eyes. In the gallery he hesitated, for the several doors he could see remained closed, and the only sound that reached his ears was the gentle plashing of the fountain in the court below him.

BEFORE he had made up his mind the door in front of him opened fairly wide, but he could not see the person till he had entered an anteroom with narrow red and gilt settees ranged along its white walls. The door shut behind him and, turning round, he confronted a dark, plump mulatto woman who was staring at him with an expression of intense admiration. She clapped her hands in ecstasy and, opening her mouth, exhibited her white teeth in a low crackling laugh.

"*Bonjour*, Aglae," said Cosmo readily.

The woman laughed again in sheer delight. "You remember my name, Mr. Cosmo! You quite frighten me, you grow so big. I remember you climb tree and throw nice ripe apple to the black girl. . . ." Her eyes gleamed and rolled absurdly.

Cosmo was so strongly touched by this extremely slight reminiscence of his tree-climbing boyhood, that when she added, "That was a good time," he was quite ready to agree, thereby provoking another burst of delightful laughter. But Aglae was controlling herself obviously. Her laughter was subdued. It had not the unbounded freedom of sound that used to reverberate exotically in the dark passages back of Latham Hall; though there, too, Aglae tried to subdue it in view of rebukes or sarcastic comments in the servants' hall. It stopped suddenly and Aglae in a tone of sober respect wanted to know how the Seignoir was. Cosmo said that his father was very well.

"He a very great gentleman," commented Aglae. "I always tremble when I see him. You very fine gentleman too, Mr. Cosmo."

She moved to one of the inner doors, but as Cosmo was following her she raised her hand to prevent him and opened the door only a little way, then came back and said in a lower tone, "It's to hear the bell better when it rings. . . . Will you wait a little bit here?" she asked anxiously.

"I will," said Cosmo, "but surely you don't want to tremble before me. What is the matter?"

"Nothing at all is the matter." Aglae tossed her head, tied up in a bandana handkerchief, with something of the spirit of the old days.

Cosmo was amused. "I no tremble before you," she continued. "I always like you very much. I am glad with all my heart to see you here."

All the time she turned her ear to the door she had left the least bit ajar. She had on a high-waisted white calico dress, white stockings, and Genoese slippers on her feet. Her dark brown hands moved uneasily.

"And how is Madame la Comtesse?" asked Cosmo.

"Miss Adèle very well. Anyway she never says anything elese. She very great lady now. All the town come here, but she wants to see you alone after all these years."

"It's very kind of her," said Cosmo. "I was wondering whether she remembered me at all."

Now that the excitement of seeing him had worn off, he was surprised at the careworn expression of the mulatto's face. For a moment it seemed to him like a tragic mask, then came the flash of white teeth, strangely unlike a smile.

"She remember everything," said Aglae. "She . . . she . . . Mr. Cosmo, you no boy now. I tell you that Miss Adèle had not a moment's peace since she drive away from your big home in the co'ntry one very cold day. I remember very well. Little birds fall dead off the tree. I feel ready to fall dead myself."

"I was away at school," said Cosmo. He remembered that on his return the disappearance of those people had not produced a very strong impression on him. In fact, the only thing he had missed was, in the evening, the fair head of the stranger Adèle near the dark head of his sister Henrietta. And the next evening he had not even missed that!

While these thoughts were passing through his head he waited, looking at Aglae with a faint smile of which he was not aware. The mulatto girl seemed to have concentrated all her faculties on listening for the sound of a bell. It came at last. Cosmo heard it, too, very distant, faint and prolonged. A handbell.

"Now," said Aglae under her breath, and Cosmo followed her through a suite of rooms, magnificent but under-furnished, with the full light excluded by half-closed jalousies. The vista was terminated by a white and gold door at which Aglae stopped and looked back at him over her shoulder with an air of curiosity, anxiety, or was it hesitation? But certainly without a smile. As to his own it had stiffened permanently on his lips. Before turning the handle of the door the mulatto listened for a moment. Then she threw it open, disclosing a room full of light indeed but which Cosmo could not see in its full extent because of a screen cutting off the view. His last thought as he crossed the threshold was, "It will be interesting," and then he heard the door shut behind him, leaving him as it were alone with the heavy screen of figured velvet and three windows through which sunshine poured in a way that almost blinded him after his long experience of half lights.

HE walked clear of the screen, and he was surprised at the vast size of the room. Here and there were other screens and a quite unexpected quantity of elegant furniture amongst which he felt for a moment as if lost. All this shone and gleamed and glowed with color in the freshness and brillance of the sunny morning. "Why, there's nobody here," he thought with a mingled sense of disappointment and relief. To his left above a square of carpet that was like a flower-bed rose a white mantelpiece which in its proportion and sumptuosity was like a low but much carved portal surmounted by an enormous sheet of glass reaching up to the cornice of the ceiling. He stepped on to the flowers, feeling now somewhat vexed, and only then perceived away at the other end of the room, in a corner beyond a fourth window, a lady seated at a writing table with her back to him. Barred by the gilt openwork of the chairback he saw her dress, the only bit of blue in the room. There was some white lace about her shoulders, her fair head was bent, she was writing rapidly.

Whoever she was she seemed not be aware of his presence. Cosmo did not know whether to wait in silence or say something, or merely warn her by a slight cough. What a stupid position, he thought. At that momen: the lady put the pen down and rose

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from her chair brusquely, yet there was a perceptible moment before she turned round and advanced toward him. She was tall. But for the manner of his introduction, which could leave no room for doubt, the impression that this could not be the lady he had come to see would have been irresistible. As it was Cosmo felt apologetic, as though he had come to the wrong house. It occurred to him also that the lady had been from the very first aware of his presence. He was struck by the profundity of her eyes, which were fixed on him. The train of her blue robe followed on the floor. Her well-shaped head was a mass of short fair curls, and while she approached him Cosmo saw the colour leave her cheeks, the passing away of an unmistakable blush. She stopped and said in an even voice:

"Don't you recognize me?"

He recovered his power of speech but not exactly the command of his thoughts, which were overwhelmed by a variety of strong and fugitive impulses.

"I have never known you," he said with a tone of the profoundest conviction.

She smiled (Cosmo was perfectly sure that he had never seen that sort of smile or the promise even of anything so enchanting), and sank slowly on to a sofa whose brocaded silk, gray like pure ashes, and the carved frame painted with flowers and picked with gold, acquired an extraordinary value from the colour of her dress and the grace of her attitude. She pointed to an armchair, close by. Cosmo sat down. A very small table of ebony inlaid with silver stood between them, her hand rested on it; and Cosmo looked at it with appreciation, as if it had been an object of art, before he raised his eyes to the expectant face.

"Frankly," he said, "didn't you think that a complete stranger had been brought into the room?"

He said this very seriously, and she answered him in a light tone. "For a moment I was afraid to look around. I sat there with my back to you. It was absurd after having been imprudent enough to let you come in the morning. You kept so still that you might have been already gone. I took fright, I jumped up, but I need not have hesitated. You are still the same boy."

COSMO paid very little attention to what she said. Without restraint and disguise, in open admiration he was observing her with all his might, saying to himself, "Is it possible—this Adèle!" He recollected himself, however, sufficiently to murmur that men changed more slowly and perhaps less completely than women. The Countess of Montevesso was not of that opinion, or, at any rate, not in this case.

"It isn't that at all. I know because I used to look at you with that attention worthy of the heir of the Latham name, whereas you never honoured the French girl by anything more than a casual glance. Why should you have done more? You had the dogs, the horses, your first gun. I remember the gun. You showed it to both of us, to your sister and myself while we were walking in the park. You shouted to us and came across the grass, brandishing your gun, while the governess—I don't remember her name—screamed at you, Oh *mon dieu! N'approchez pas!* You paid not the slightest attention to her. You had a flushed face. Of course her screaming frightened us at first, and just as we were preparing to get very interested in your gun you walked off with a look of contempt."

"Did I behave so badly as that?" said Cosmo, feeling suddenly very much at ease with that lady with whom he had never even exchanged a formal greeting. She had grown more animated. As he was very fond of his sister he answered her numerous questions about Henrietta with interest and pleasure. From that subject the lady on the sofa, who may or may not have been Adèle d'Armand at one time, went on putting a series of questions about the house and all the people in it in a manner that proved a precise and affectionate recollection of those days. The memory of the countryside seemed to have been cherished by her too, and Cosmo's heart warmed to the subject. She remembered certain spots in the park and certain points of view in the neighbourhood as though she had left them but a year before. She seemed not to have forgotten a single servant in the house. She asked after Spire.

"I have got him with me," said Cosmo. "Of course he has grown elderly."

He almost forgot to whom he was speaking. Without associating her very distinctly with the child Adèle, he was taking the Countess de Montevesso for granted. He delighted in seeing her so quiet and so perfectly natural. The first effect of her appearance persisted, with only the added sense of the deep dark blue of her eyes, an impression of living profundity that make his thoughts about her pause. But he was unconsciously grateful to her for the fact that she had never given him a moment of that acute social awkwardness from which he used to suffer so much; though there could not be the slightest doubt that the little Adèle (if there had ever been a little Adèle) was now a very fine lady indeed. But she loved the old place and everything and everybody in it. Of that, too, there could be no doubt. The few references she made to his mother touched and surprised Cosmo. They seemed to imply some depth in her which he, the son, and Henrietta, the daughter, had failed to penetrate. In contrast with that, Cosmo remarked that after the inquiry after Sir Charles's health, which was one of her first questions, his father was not mentioned again.

"ARE you going to make a stay in Genoa?" she asked after a pause.

"A few days," said Cosmo, in an irresolute tone, because he did not know what answer was expected to this inquiry, the first which had nothing to do with Yorkshire. His interest in the rest of Italy was, he perceived, very small. But by the association of ideas he thought suddenly of the passing hours. He raised his eyes to a faintly engraved brass disc with black hands hung on the wall above one of the two doors at that end of the room which he was facing. The black hands pointed to eleven, but what prevented his eyes from returning at once to the delighted contemplation of the Countess of Montevesso was the fact that the door below the clock seemed to have moved slightly.

"I intend to see something of Italy," he said. "My time really is my own, I have nothing special to do. It seems to me that the principal object of my journey has been attained now. I don't think my father would be surprised to hear that I had turned back after leaving Genoa."

The Countess looking up at this, their eyes remained fastened together for a time and Cosmo thought: "What on earth am I saying?" He watched her lips move to form the words which quite frightened him.

"Did Sir Charles give you a message for me?"

He thought he had brought this on himself. It was a painful moment. It lasted long enough to give the Countess the time to assume an expression of indifference, startling after the low tone of her question.

"No," said Cosmo, truthfully. "I have only a message for your father." He waited a moment. "But I will tell you one of the last things Henrietta told me. She told me that when you were married my father could think of nothing for days but you."

He did not venture to look at her; then added impulsively, "My father loved you dearly. We children could see it very well, Ad——"

"Why don't you finish my name?" her seductive voice asked.

Cosmo coloured. "Well, you know, I never heard you really called by any other name. It came naturally since I suppose you must be—Adèle."

Madame de Montevesso, who had been hanging on his lips, was surprised by Cosmo raising his eyes to stare intensely into the part of the room behind her back. Just as he was making his apology he had noticed the door under the clock swing open without any sound at all; and there entered quite noiselessly, too, and with something ambiguous in the very motion, a young girl (nothing could have been more unexpected) in a sort of dishabille of a white skirt and a long pink jacket of some very thin stuff which had a silky shimmer. She made a few steps and stopped. She was rather short, her hair was intensely black and drawn tightly away from her forehead. Cosmo felt sure (though he couldn't see) that it was done in one long plait at the back. Her face was a short oval, her chin blunt, her nose a little too big and her black eyes perfectly round. Cosmo had the time to notice all this because astonishment prevented him from looking away. The girl advanced slowly if with perfect assurance, and stared unwinkingly at Cosmo, who in the extremity of his embarrassment got up from his chair. The young girl then stopped short and for a moment the three persons in the room preserved an absolute immobility. Then the Countess glanced over her shoulder leisurely and addressed Cosmo.

"This is Clelia, a niece of my husband." Cosmo made a deep bow to the possessor of the round black eyes. "I didn't know of her existence till about a fortnight ago," added Madame de Montevesso carelessly. The round-eyed girl still staring hard made a curtsey to Cosmo. "My husband," went on Adèle, "has also two old aunts living here. I have never seen them. This house is very big."

Cosmo resumed his seat and there was a moment of silence. The girl sat down in the chair before the writing table sideways, folded her arms on its back, and rested her chin on her hands. Her round eyes examined Cosmo with a sort of animal frankness. He thought suddenly that it was time to bring his visit to an end. He would have risen at once but for the Countess de Montevesso beginning to speak to him, still in English. She seemed to have guessed what was passing through his mind.

"Don't go yet for a moment," she said, in a perfectly unconcerned voice, then paused. "We were talking about your father.

"As to him," said Cosmo, "I have nothing more to say. I have told you all the truth as far as I am certain of it."

She inclined her head slowly and in the same level voice:

"The court is here and most of the foreign ambassadors. We are waiting here for the arrival of the Queen of Sardinia, who may or may not come within the next month or so. This is considered a good post of observation, but there is very little to observe just now from the diplomatic point of view. Most of us have exhausted almost all emotions. Life has grown suddenly very dull. We gossip a little about each other; we wait for the end of the Vienna Congress and discuss the latest rumour that floats about. Yes. The play is over, the stage seems empty. If I were you I would stay a little longer here."

"I certainly mean to stay here for some time," declared Cosmo, with sudden resolution.

"That's right," she continued in the same indifferent tone. "But wait a few days before you write home. You have awakened old memories in me. Inconceivably distant," she went on in a voice more expressionless than ever, "and the dormant feelings of what seems quite another age."

Cosmo smiled at this. The girl with round eyes was keeping perfectly still with her watchful stare. Madame de Montevesso seemed to read Cosmo's thoughts.

"Yes," she insisted. "I feel very old and everything is very far. I am twenty-six and I have been married very nearly ten years now."

Cosmo, looking at her face, thought that those had been the most agitated ten years of European history. He said, "I have no doubt that Yorkshire must seem very far away to you."

"I suppose you write very often home?" she said.

Cosmo defended himself from being one of those people who write letters about their travels. He had no talent for that; and then what could one write to a young girl like Henrietta and to a man as austere as his father, who had so long retired from the world? Cosmo had found it very difficult. Of course he took care to let them know pretty often that he was safe and sound.

ADÈLE could see this point of view. She seemed amused by the innocent difficulties of a young man having no one but a father and a sister to write to. She ascertained that he had no intimate friend left behind to whom he could confide his impressions. Cosmo said he had formed none of those intimacies that induce a man to share his innermost thoughts and feelings with somebody else.

"Probably your father was like that, too," said Madame de Montevesso. "I fancy he must have been very difficult to please, and still more difficult to conquer."

"Oh, as to that," said Cosmo, "I can safely say I've never been conquered," and he laughed boyishly. He confessed further that he had the habit of thinking contradictorily about most things. "My father was never like that," he concluded.

The gravity with which she listened to him now disconcerted him secretly. At last she nodded and opined that his difficulties had their source in the liveliness of his sympathies. He declared that he

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suffered most at times from the difficulty of making himself understood by men of his own age.

"And the women?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, the women!" he said, without the slightest levity. "One would not even try." He raised his eyes and, obeying a sudden impulse, added: "I think that perhaps you could understand me."

"That would be because I am so much older," she said. Cosmo discovered in her delicately modelled face, with all its grace and freshness of youth, an interrogative profundity of expression, the impress of the problems of life and the conflicts of the soul. The great light of day had treated her kindly. Bathed in the sunshine entering through the four windows, she appeared to him wonderful in the glow of her complexion, in the harmony of her form and the composed nobility of her attitude. He felt this wonderfulness of her whole person in some sort physically, and thought that he had looked at her too long. He glanced aside and met the dark girl's round unwinking stare of a cat ready to fly at one. She had not moved a hair's breadth, and Cosmo felt reluctant to take his eyes off her exactly as though she had been a fierce cat. He heard the voice of the Countess of Montevesso and had to turn to her.

"Well, wait a few days before you write home about . . . Genoa."

"I had a mind to begin a letter yesterday," he said.

"What? Already! Only a few hours after your arrival!"

"Yes. Henrietta is very anxious to hear everything relating to the Emperor Napoleon."

MADAME DE MONTEVESSO was genuinely surprised. Her voice lost its equable charm while she asked what on earth could he have had to tell of Napoleon that he could not have written to her from Paris.

"Yes. He is in everybody's thoughts and on everybody's lips there," he said. "Whenever three people come together he is the presence that is with them. But last night . . . "

He was on the point of telling her of his adventure on the tower when she struck in:

"The Congress will put an end to all that presently." It checked Cosmo's expansiveness and he said instead:

"It's very possible. But last night on arriving here I experienced a curious sensation of his nearness. I went down in the evening to look at the Port."

"He isn't certainly very far from here. And what are your feelings about him?"

"Oh," he rejoined lightly, "as about everything else in the world—contradictory."

Madame de Montevesso rose suddenly, saying:

"I won't ask you, then, as to your feelings about myself." Cosmo stood up hastily. He was a little the taller of the two, but their faces were nearly on a level. "I should like you to make up your mind about me before you take up your traveller's pen," continued Adèle. "Come again this evening. There will be a few people here; and as you have said, when a few people come together just now Napoleon is always with them, an unseen presence. But you will see my father. Do you remember him at all?"

Cosmo assured her that he remembered the Marquis d'Armand perfectly. He was on the point of making his parting bow when Madame de Montevesso, with the two words *"à l'Anglaise,"* put out her hand. He took it and forgot himself in the unexpected sensation of this contact. He was in no haste to release it when to his extreme surprise, with a slight movement of her eyes towards the girl at the writing table, Madame de Montevesso said:

"Did you ever see anything like that?"

Cosmo was taken completely aback. He dropped her hand. He did not know what to say, and even if it was proper for him to smile. Madame de Montevesso continued in a voice betraying no sentiment of any kind: "I can never be sure of my privacy now. Do you understand that I am her aunt? She wanders all over this palazzo very much like a domestic animal, only more observant, and she is by no means an idiot. Luckily she knows no language but Italian."

They had been moving slowly towards the other end of the room, but now Madame de Montevesso stopped and returned Cosmo's parting bow with a slight inclination of her head. Before passing round the screen between him and the door Cosmo glanced back. The girl on the chair had not stirred.

He had half a hope that the mulatto maid would be waiting for him. But he saw no one. As he crossed the courtyard he might have thought himself leaving an uninhabited house. But the streets through which he made his way to his inn were thronged with people. The day was quite warm. Already on the edge of the pavements, here and there, there was a display of flowers for sale; and at every turn he saw more people who seemed carefree, and the women with their silken shoes and the lace scarves on their heads appeared to him quite charming. The plaza was a scene of constant movement. Here and there a group stood still, conversing in low voices with expressive gestures. As he approached his hotel he caught an evancescent sight of the man he had met on the tower.

HIS cap was unmistakable. Cosmo mended his pace but the man had disappeared; and after looking in all directions Cosmo went up the steps of the inn. In his room he found Spire folding methodically some clothes.

"I saw that man," said Cosmo, handing him his hat.

"Was he following you, sir?" asked Spire.

"No, I saw his back quite near this house."

"I shouldn't wonder if he were coming here," opined Spire.

"In any case I wouldn't have spoken to him in the *piazza*," said Cosmo.

"Much better not, sir," said the servant.

"After all," said Cosmo, "I don't know that I have anything to say to him."

From these words Spire concluded that his master had found something more interesting to occupy his mind. While he went on with his work he talked to Cosmo, who had thrown himself into an armchair, of some repairs needed to the carriage, and also informed him that the English doctor had left a message asking whether Mr. Latham would do him the honour to take his midday meal with him at the same table as last night. After a slight hesitation Cosmo assented, and Spire, saying that he would go and tell them downstairs, left the room.

In the solitude favourable to concentration of thought Cosmo discovered that he could not think connectedly, either of the fair curls of the Countess de Montevesso or of the vague story of her marriage. Strictly speaking, he knew nothing of it; and this ignorance interfered with the process of consecutive thinking; but he formed some images and even came to the verge of that state in which one sees visions. The obscurity of her past helped the freedom of his fancies. He had an intuitive conviction that he had seen her in the fullest brilliance of her beauty and of the charm of her mind. A woman like that was a great power, he reflected, and then it occurred to him that, marvellous as she was, she was not her own mistress.

Some church clock striking loudly the hour roused him up, but before he went downstairs he paced the floor to and fro several times. And when he forced himself out of that empty room it was with a profound disgust of all he was going to see and hear, a momentary repulsion towards the claims of the world, like a man tearing himself away from the side of a beloved mistress.

III

RETURNING that evening to the Palazzo Brignoli, Cosmo found the lantern under the vaulted roof lighted. There was also a porter in gold-laced livery and a cocked hat who saluted him, and in the white anteroom with red benches along the walls two lackeys made ready to divest him of his cloak. But a man in sombre garments detained Cosmo, saying that he was the ambassador's valet, and led him away along a very badly lighted inner corridor. He explained that His Excellency the Ambassador wished to see Monsieur Latham for a few moments in private before Monsieur Latham joined the general company. The ambassador's cabinet into which he introduced Cosmo was lighted by a pair of candelabra. Cosmo was told that His Excellency was finishing dressing, and then the man disappeared. Cosmo noticed that there were several doors besides the one by which he had entered, which was the least conspicuous of them all, and in fact so inconspicuous, corresponding exactly to a painted panel, that it might have been called a secret door. Other doors were framed in costly woods, lining the considerable thicknesses of the walls. One of them opened without noise and Cosmo saw enter a man somewhat taller than he had expected to see, with a white head, in a coat with softly gleaming embroideries and a broad ribbon across his breast. He advanced, opening his arms wide, and Cosmo, who noticed that one of the hands was holding a snuffbox, submitted with good grace to the embrace of the Marquis d'Armand, whose lips touched his cheeks one after another and whose hands then rested at arm's length on his shoulder for a moment.

"SIT down, *mon enfant*," were the first words spoken, and Cosmo obeyed. A white meagre hand set in fine lace moved the candelabra on the table, and Cosmo good-humouredly submitted to being contemplated in silence. This man in a splendid coat, white-headed and with a broad ribbon across his breast, seemed to have no connection whatever with his father's guest, whom as a boy he remembered walking with Sir Charles amongst deep shrubberies or writing busily at one end of the long table in the library of Latham Hall, always with the slightly subdued mien of an exile and an air of being worried by the possession of unspeakable secrets which he preserved even when playing at backgammon with Sir Charles in the great drawing room. Cosmo, returning the gaze of the tired eyes, remarked that the ambassador looked old but not at all senile.

At last the Marquis declared that he could detect the lineaments of his old friend in the son's face, and in a voice that was low and kindly put a series of questions about Sir Charles, about London and his old friends there; questions which Cosmo, especially as to the latter, was not always able to answer fully.

"I forget! You are still so young," said the ambassador, recollecting himself. This young man sitting before him with a friendly smile had his friends amongst his own contemporaries, shared the ideas and the views of his own generation which had grown up since the Revolution, to whom the Revolution was only a historical fact and whose enthusiasms had a strange complexion, for the undisciplined hopes of the young make them reckless in words and sometimes in actions. The Marquis's own generation had been different. It had had no inducement to be reckless. It had been born to a settled order of things. Certainly a few philosophers had been indulging for years in subversive sentimentalism, but the foundations of Europe seemed unshakable. He noticed Cosmo's expectant attitude and said:

"I wonder what my dear old friend is thinking of all this."

"It is not very easy to get at my father's thoughts," confessed Cosmo. "After all, you must know my father much better than I do, Monsieur le Marquis."

"In the austerity of his convictions your father was more like a republican of ancient times," said the Marquis, seriously. "Does that surprise you, my young friend? . . . " Cosmo shook his head slightly. . . . "Yet we always agreed very well. Your father understood every kind of fidelity. The world had never known him and it will never know him now. But I, who approached him closely, could have nothing but the greatest respect for his character and for his far-seeing wisdom."

"I am very glad to hear you say this," interjected Cosmo.

"He was a scornful man," said the Marquis, then paused and repeated once more: "Yes. *Un grand dédaigneux*. He was that. But one accepted it from him as one would not from another man, because one felt that it was not the result of mean grievances or disappointed hopes. Now the old order is coming back and, whatever my old friend may think of it, he had his share in that work."

Cosmo raised his head. "I had no idea," he murmured.

"Yes," said the Marquis. "Indirectly, if you like. All I could offer to my Princes was my life, my toil, the sacrifice of my deepest feelings as husband and father. I don't say this to boast. I could not have acted otherwise. But for my share of the work, risky, often desperate, and continuously hopeless as it seemed to be, I have to thank your father's help, *mon jeune ami*. It came out of that fortune which some day will be yours. The only thing in all the activities the penetrating mind of your father

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was not scornful of was my fidelity. He understood that it was above the intrigues, the lies, the selfish stupidities of that exiles' life which we all shared with our Princes. They will never know how much they owe to that English gentleman. When parting with my wife and child I was sustained by the thought that his friendship and care were extended over them and would not fail."

"I have heard nothing of all this," said Cosmo. "Of course I was not ignorant of the great friendship that united you to him. This is one of the things that the world does know about my father."

"Have you brought a letter for me?" asked the Marquis. "I haven't heard from him for a long time. After we returned to France, through the influence of my son-in-law, communications were very difficult. Ten years of war, my dear friend, ten years."

"Father very seldom takes a pen in hand now," said Cosmo, "but . . . "

The Marquis interrupted him. "When you write home, my dear friend, tell him that I never gave way to promptings of mean ambition or an unworthy vanity. Tell him that I twice declined the Embassy of Madrid which was pressed on me, and that if I accepted the nomination as a Commissioner for settling the frontiers with the representatives of the Allied Powers it was at the cost of my deepest feelings and only to serve my vanquished country. My secret missions had made me known to many European statesmen. I knew I was liked. I thought I could do some good. The Russians, I must say, were quite charming, and you may tell your father that Sir Charles Stewart clothed his demands in the form of the most perfect politeness; but all those transactions were based after all on the right of the strongest. I had black moments and I suffered as a Frenchman. I suffered . . . "

The Marquis got up, walked away to the other end of the room, then coming back dropped into the armchair again. Cosmo was too startled by this display of feeling to rise. The ambassadorial figure in the laced coat exhaled a deep sigh. "Your father knows that, unlike so many of the other refugees, I have always remained a Frenchman. One would have paid any price almost to avoid this humiliation."

COSMO was gratified by the anxiety of a king's friend to, as it were, justify himself before his father. He discovered that even this old royalist had been forced, if only for a moment, to regret the days of imperial victories. The Marquis tapped his snuffbox, took a pinch of snuff, and composed himself.

"Of course when this Turin mission was unexpectedly pressed on me I went to the King himself and explained that, having refused a much higher post, I could not think of accepting this one. But the King pointed out that this was an altogether different position. The King of Sardinia was his brother-in-law. There was nothing to say against such an argument. His Majesty was also good enough to say that he was anxious to grant me any favour I might ask. I didn't want any favours but I had to think of something on the spur of the moment and I begged for a special right of entrée on days on which there are no receptions. I couldn't resist so much graciousness," continued the Marquis. "I have managed to keep clear of prejudices that poison and endanger the hopes of this restoration, but I am a royalist, a man of my own time. Remember to tell your father all this, my dear young friend."

"I shall not fail," said Cosmo, wondering within himself at the power of such a strange argument, yet feeling a liking and respect for that old man torn between rejoicing and sorrow at the end of his troubled life.

"I should like him to know, too," the Marquis said in his bland and friendly voice, "that M. de Talleyrand just before he left for Vienna held out to me the prospect of the London Embassy later. That, certainly, I would not refuse, if only to be nearer a man to whom my obligations are immense and only equalled by the affection I had borne towards him through all those unhappy years."

"My father—" began Cosmo— "I ought to have given you his message before—told me to give you his love and to tell you that when you are tired of your grandeurs there is always a large place for you in his house."

Cosmo was surprised at the sudden movement of the Marquis, who leaned over the arm of his chair and put his hand over his eyes. For a time complete silence reigned in the room. Then Cosmo said:

"I think somebody is scratching at the door."

The Marquis sat up and listened, then raising his voice: "You may come in."

The Older Gentleman

By HUGH TOPHOLE

(A Compaion Piece to "The Old Ladies")

I

QUITE a number of years ago there was an old rickety ark on the summit of Mount Ararat in Armenia. In this ark lived three old gentlemen, Mr. Jared, Mr. Methuselah, and Mr. Noah. They were really old gentlemen, because Mr. Jared was 962, Mr. Methuselah was 969, and Mr. Noah 950. Mr. Jared and Mr. Noah were wonderfully strong men for their age, but Mr. Methuselah being so much older felt his back a good deal.

These three old gentlemen were, in a way, related to each other. Mr. Methuselah was Mr. Noah's grandfather, Mr. Noah was Mr. Jared's grandson, Mr. Jared was Mr. Methuselah's grandfather, Mr. Methuselah was Mr. Jared's grandson, Mr. Jared was Mr. Noah's grandfather twice removed. Mr. Noah was Mr. Jared's grandson at an equal distance.

It was a windy, creaky, rain-bitten dwelling place for three old gentlemen. Mr. Noah had lived in it for 350 years. A bright eyed young master-mariner at the age of 600 he had captained it on its first and only voyage. The voyage had lasted but forty days. When it ran aground on Mt. Ararat, he had lost his master's certificate, though it was no fault of his that this uncharted shoal had suddenly appeared in the open sea. He was one of those unfortunate men who are deserted by their friends in time of trouble. Every one had left the ark except the rats. They liked it because it was in no danger of sinking. So they stuck by the ship and bred profusely. Many of them lived in the old gentlemen's beards.

Mr. Noah had never been able to account for the presence of Mr. Jared and Mr. Methuselah. He had hoped they were drowned with all the rest of the world, except his own wife and children, in the great flood. But when the ark grounded, in the confusion and turmoil of the shipwreck they had appeared. They must have been stowaways. At any rate they had lived there ever since, much to his disappointment.

They all had long white beards, many yards long. Mr. Methuselah's beard, probably only because of his greater age, was the longest. Mr. Jared could not understand this nor the fact that Mr. Methuselah was older than he. It did not seem right to him that his grandson should be seven years older and have a beard two yards and eight inches longer than his grandfather's.

He was convinced that they had been changed at birth and that Mr. Methuselah was in reality the grandfather and himself the grandson. Although he could plainly remember that he was 227 years old when Mr. Methuselah was born, the readjustment in their relative ages by the lapse of time seemed to him to justify his suspicions of some double dealing.

Mr. Methuselah wished to live at peace with his grandfather and his grandson. He was an old gentleman of course, but his smile was radiant and confiding. The fact that he had successfully cut his forty-ninth set of teeth was a source of pride to him and his smile was as constant as it was radiant. His very cheerfulness was irritating to the two others. They were toothless and neither could discover the slightest tenderness of his gums to justify hope of further dentition.

This was indeed a real hardship. Their diet consisted of sardines and ship-biscuit from the ark's stores. The ship's biscuit had grown exceedingly hard during its 227 years of ageing in the wood. These two could only mumble it. It took either of them two or three weeks to eat a single biscuit. The sardines were their only daily sustenance. These were getting low and their ration was now two-thirds of a sardine once a fortnight.

They were often tempted to eat the other one-third but they resolutely forbore. They did not wish to perish of hunger in the prime of life and they saw no means of replenishing their stores when they became exhausted. There were plenty of biscuit, and Mr. Methuselah with his new teeth managed very well. He was quite fat and hearty but the others peaked and dwindled daily.

II

It was a seasonable Christmas that year. The snow had been falling continually ever since the thirteenth of October. It was twenty-eight cubits deep over everything. The powdered snow remained jewelled and resplendent, because none of the old gentlemen would shovel it off the sidewalk.

"Let Noah do it," said Mr. Jared. "He's a young man yit."

"Ef it warn't fur the respect due ye as my great-great-gran'ther, I'd keelhaul ye, ye bewhiskered ole grampus," said Mr. Noah.

"Now boys! boys!' said Mr. Methuselah smiling. "Doan't ye go a-fightin' on this bright an' cheerful Christmas day, er I'll have to lam the two o' ye."

"In a cat's eye!" said Mr. Jared. "Many's the time I whaled hell outa yer pop, my son Enoch, an' he was a better man'n you'll ever be. Pore boy! He was on'y 365 years ole when he died. Twere in 3382 B. C., 1261 years agone come Martinmas. I mind it now's clear's yistiddy. Pore lad! Pore lad!" The tears flowed from the old man's eyes in amazing volume.

"How ole be you, great-great-gran'pop?" asked Mr. Noah.

"Nine hunder' sixty-two come Shrove Tuesday, ef so be I'm spared to see the day," said Mr. Jared proudly through his tears.

"Huh! Ye're not so much older as I be, on'y twelve year," sneered Mr. Noah. "An' how come ye kin remember over twelve hunder' year then?, I'll ask ye that."

"Nev' you mind, ye young upstart, how I done it. I done it, tha's 'nuff fur you to know. Tain't fur you to be imputin' no lies to me."

"Come, come, boys," said Mr. Methuselah. "Quit yer jawin'; I got a surprise fur ye both."

He took them to his quarters in the after-hold. They stood bewildered at the door. It was indeed a pretty sight. At the far end of the room stood—THE TREE!

And what a tree! A true Cedar of Lebanon a hundred feet tall, it tapered with exquisite shape and form to a point. Mr. Methuselah had worked with the soul of an artist. He had not overburdened the slender branches. The ship's chain-cables that hung from bough to bough, the spare anchors, marlin spikes, belaying pins, curling-irons, backstays, portholes, barnacles, binnacles, and pinnacles, seemed to dance in patterned rhythm. Emerald and ruby, amethyst and diamond, shone the electric lights that dizened every limb. It was the finest tree in Armenia that night.

On either side of the tree were two cabin tables spread with white sail-cloth. On them were parcels of sardine sandwiches beautifully tied with coloured ribbons, and—A DISH OF PAP!

The two younger old men stood amazed. So utterly unexpected was the display that words would not come; only at last Mr. Jared cried "Gosh amighty!" and Mr. Noah, "Shiver my timbers!"

"I'm dong-gone glad ye like it," said Mr. Methuselah proudly. He picked up the parcels and said, "Hyur's a coupla handouts fur you two ole geezers. Hope ye'll like 'em."

And they did. Each received a brand-new shiny set of false teeth. They clapped them in place and gnashed them triumphantly. Then, spurning the pap, which after all was only a little joke of Mr. Methuselah's, they fell to upon the sandwiches.

Each old gentleman forgot the other. They thought of nothing but the sandwiches. How the biscuit snapped and crackled under those keen, relentless teeth! How they gnawed and chewed and crunched that delicious food, until at last comforted with biscuit, replete with sardines, like children they fell asleep in each other's arms. The clock ticked on, the kettle sang on the hob, the Christmas bells pealed o'er all Armenia, but the old gentlemen only snored, their white beards undulating gently in the draught from their antique noses.

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Books of Special Interest

A New State

CZECHOSLOVAKIA. By JOSEPH GRUBER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by CLARENCE A. MANNING
Columbia University

DURING the World War the attention of both Europe and America was attracted to the Czechoslovak struggle for liberty. The campaign of the Czechoslovaks in Siberia and the successes achieved by President Masaryk and Dr. Benes at the Council of Versailles still more won the admiration of the civilized world and the later developments in Czechoslavak internal and foreign policies secured for the new state a position and influence which was attained by none of the other countries which secured their independence during the World War.

In many ways the country started with considerable advantages. It inherited the greater part of the industrial regions of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, including the great Skoda plant in Plzen. It had not suffered from the direct ravages of the war; it had been spared the destruction of the battlefield and anarchy; the buildings in the country districts and in the cities were not in ruins. Yet these advantages, great as they were, would have counted for little, had it not been for the skilful diplomacy of the new rulers who succeeded in gaining almost at once the good will of the victorious nations. At the same time the financial measures of Dr. Rasin in closing the frontier and separating the finances of the new state from those of the deteriorating and chaotic situation in Austria assured for the new republic freedom from the worst evils of irresponsible inflation.

On the other hand the geographical situation was and still remains unsatisfactory. The country is too long for its width and the great mountain range of the Carpathians renders communication very difficult between the east and west. Today there is only one railroad line which actually crosses Slovakia and Ruthenia from east to west. In addition to the hardships made by geography and the character of the land, the political conditions prevailing before the collapse of the old Empire were also unfavorable. Bohemia and Moravia had been governed by Austria. Slovakia and Ruthenia had formed part of Hungary and the connecting routes had been in the valleys below. No attention had been paid to forging links of union throughout the entire mountain range and in the northern part of the Dual Empire. In this respect therefore the new state had to begin at once the task of codifying the laws, of removing differences between the codes of Bohemia and Slovakia, of arranging for direct communication between the different parts of the new state.

How well they have succeeded in this is shown by the general reputation which Czechoslovakia possesses and by the rôle which the country has come to play in the discussions and conferences concerning the future of Central Europe. At the same time all has not always been clear. There have been many problems of a financial nature confronting the state.

Its currency declined with that of its neighbors until the summer of 1922, when the Czechoslovak crown rose in value instead of plunging into the abyss along with the currency of Germany and several other countries. This brought about a period of unemployment and a drop in the foreign trade which made its first appearance at the Eastern Fair in Bratislava in the summer of 1922. However, Czechoslovak industry gradually recovered, but since the writing of the essays included in this book, the situation has changed again with the new rentenmarks in Germany and the zloty in Poland. Once again Czechoslovakia has a currency of low value as compared with her neighbors, but this cannot be cited to her disadvantage when we remember how she has escaped the upheavals of the last years.

It is, however, impossible to criticize this book of Professor Gruber in this connection for history is still being made rapidly. It is a valuable collection of papers prepared by experts in many lines and it touches practically all sides of the economic life of the nation. Naturally a work of composite authorship differs in value in its different chapters. Some of the collaborators have apparently intended to give a readable and semi-popular account of their subject; others again have tended toward the dry, official style with large masses of statistics.

Yet these are after all slight blemishes. The book is valuable for it gives in English in handy form a great variety of hitherto inaccessible information. It is well indexed and cannot be replaced as a source of definite, detailed information. Let us hope that it may be followed by a unified description of the history and development of the life of the nation written by one man and presenting a clear and broad picture of the nation, the results of the last few years of independence, and outlining the great achievements of Czechoslovakia in adjusting itself to the new and post-war conditions and in securing a prominent position in the life of Europe and of the World.

Sound Taxation

TAXATION AND WELFARE. By HARVEY WHITEFIELD PECK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by JACOB H. HOLLANDER
John Hopkins University

A FEATURE of post-war tax discussion in the United States has been the cheap use of the term "scientific." Proposals that embody the most superficial empiricism, and sometimes even mask selfish advocacy have been bolstered up as "scientific reform." Often these opinions have emanated from quarters or been presented in ways that can only be described as illiteracy in taxation. The extent to which public opinion has been swayed by such incompetence is a composite result of strong-arm propaganda, the aura of officialdom, and the amazing unconcern of the American people as to the nation's finances.

The virtue of Professor Peck's little volume is that it sets forth the principles which the great majority of scientific students of public finance the world over accept as the criteria of sound taxation. In finance as elsewhere, the doctors disagree. Where such is the case the present work presents the opposed views and seeks a fair appraisal. To a much greater extent than is common, Professor Peck's work thus fulfils the the promise of its prospectus—an attempt at an impartial and scientific survey of the problem of taxation in its financial and social relations.

The study falls into two parts. In the first, attention is given to the proper scope of public expenditure as fixing the desirable amount of taxation which a state should impose. The conclusion reached is that with increasing population and with the growth of civilization an increasing public expenditure is desirable. This increase should involve a gradually heavier per capita contribution to the support of the public activities, and also, in all probability, a gradually increasing percentage of the national income.

The second part of the volume deals with the equitable distribution of the tax burden. Accepting as the final criterion the principle of fiscal justice, Professor Peck insists that taxation should be distributed between individuals according to taxable faculty, that is, in proportion to their ability to pay. He recognizes that owing to the indefiniteness of the utility curve of income we cannot hope to reach any mathematical formulation of an equitable tax rate. But he believes that both the individual and the social aspects of the problem amply justify steeply progressive income taxes.

Professor Peck has carefully studied the standard works on taxation and is familiar with the recent contributions of European scholars. His own part is discriminating criticism and positive addition. The book, while written in clear readable style, is thus much more than a tract of the times. But its relation to pending issues is unmistakable. The concluding sentence of the volume sets this forth with clearness: "Secretary Mellon proposes a reduction in the maximum surtax from 50 to 25 per cent. This is a movement away from the theory of justice in the distribution of tax burden to which our analysis has led. The argument is advanced that a lower rate will bring increased revenue. This argument places expediency above justice. The better alternative would seem to be the maintenance of a rate that is more in accordance with justice and the bending of effort toward administrative improvements so that the loopholes to evasion and avoidance might be stopped.

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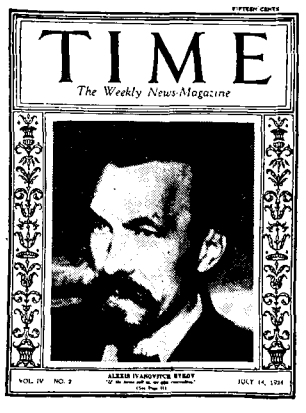

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Books of Special Interest

A Musical Prodigy

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A MUSICAL PRODIGY. By G. Révész. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by Bruce Simonds

Yale University

THAT sorry object, the Infant Prodigy, rises before us. Lacking by one degree the lurid infamy of his sister the Infant Phenomenon who, I suspect through Dickens's influence, always floats in tights, brandishing a green parasol before my horrified gaze, the Infant Prodigy is yet viewed with the dismay and agitation inspired by a large-eared changeling staring out of the family cradle. Mr. Révész feels this;—to such an extent, indeed, that he repudiates his own title and endeavors to remove the stigma from his subject Erwin Nyiregyházi. "What Erwin has already accomplished as a pianist," he writes, "justifies us in the assumption that he will never be counted among the 'infant prodigies' in the current meaning of the word. In these 'infant prodigies' there is generally a lack of equilibrium between the technical gifts and the musical sense, and whatever success they may achieve in the interpretation of a musical work is due to imitation and is not derived from an inner, personal source, but from outside inspiration." In this last sentence, Mr. Révész is right. The art of music requires such contradictory qualities, such warmth of heart, such cool clearness of intellect, such keen enjoyment in activity of hand and receptivity of ear, such concentration on details and such a deliberately induced unconsciousness of them, that a long apprenticeship is necessary if the musician is to become an artist. A child delights in the fleetness of his fingers, in the muscular exertion of his hand, in a problem to be neatly fitted together, while he remains deaf to the beauty of pure tone and incapable of expression, whether serene or passionate. When he will awake to these important aspects of music is a question which with many *Wunderkinder* has been forever unanswered. Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Saint-Saëns, Josef Hofmann,—there are many names of extraordinary children who have lived to round out their fame, but for each of these must stand hundreds of those who began in brilliance and finished in oblivion. In fact, when one considers the prodigy and the kingdom of music, one is irresistably reminded of the needle's eye and the camel.

Erwin Nyiregyházi was born in Budapest in 1903. When he was six years old he came under the notice of Mr. Révész who is at present director of the Psychological Laboratory of Amsterdam. The experiments pursued by Mr. Révész covered approximately six years until Nyiregyházi moved to Berlin, where he continued his studies. For information concerning his first recognition of music, the author naturally relies on the testimony of the family. The boy tried to imitate singing before he was one year old and sang before he could talk intelligibly. At three it was apparent that he had what is popularly called absolute pitch,—that he could name exactly any note played on the piano. This gift is far more common than was once supposed and is by no means confined to those of unusual musical sensitiveness. At four, he began to play by ear, improvise fragments, and compose little melodies. He was given rather irregular lessons through the next year. Really systematic education seems to have begun at about the time when Révész first saw him and certain compositions dating from his sixth year are printed in the book. Those who expect anything comparable to the charming freshness of Mozart's early minuets will of course be disappointed in these pieces. The "Night Song," composed at the age of seven, does indeed begin with an irregularity of rhythm which is unusual, but otherwise there is little to interest anyone but the psychologist.

Mr. Révész gave Nyiregyházi the ordinary intelligence tests (it is a pleasure to note that he does not highly favor the coin test) and discovered that Nyiregyházi was three years in advance of his age. The musical tests were apparently carried out with admirable thoroughness, and were particularly successful in the chord analyses and in the memory experiments. The improvisations and modulations seem less significant. In fact, I feel most skeptical concerning this creative gift about which the author is so positive. Perhaps this is because before I read the book I knew its sequel,—Nyiregyházi's recent career in this country.

The sequel indeed is told in few words. Nyiregyházi made his first appearance in New York on October 18, 1920. Since then he has toured America and played with certain of the large orchestras; he performed with the Boston Symphony in October, 1922. Yet his appearances have not been spectacular nor has he had the more unusual success of new pianists like Myra Hess and Wanda Landowska, who are distinguished not for precocious virtuosity but for great sensitiveness and mature musicianship. Nor have any of his compositions been heard. His place in music is therefore still undetermined, and we are still in the position of the author writing his book, or of anyone indeed who tries to make a psychological study of a figure only potentially great; the position of uncertainty concerning the ultimate success of the gifts under observation.

Russia Now and Later

THE REFORGING OF RUSSIA. By Edwin Ware Hullinger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $3.

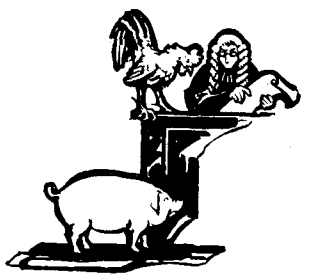
Reviewed by Pitirim Sorokin

Author of "Leaves from a Russian Diary"

AMONG many books written by the foreigners about Soviet Russia the book of E. W. Hullinger is one of the few free from the nonsense and great mistakes usual in such books. In twenty-six chapters the author gives a vivid and—in general—an accurate characterization of the political, moral, economic, social, and spiritual life of Russia in 1921-1923. His knowledge of Russian history and language, his sincere desire to discover the truth, and his real sympathy with and high appreciation of the Russian people, his residence in Russia for nine months all helped him to get a right insight into the situation. In its description of present conditions as well as in its forecast of the future of Russia the book is much better than many articles and books published by those daring foreign writers who, knowing nothing about the Russian people, their history, or language come back after a few weeks' stay in Moscow and without hesitation publish their "competent," "unbiased," and "impartial" "revelations" about Russia.

Interesting and reliable in general, though it is, "The Reforging of Russia" has, nevertheless, some misstatements. It is not true that Lenin and his fellows willingly introduced the "New Economic Policy" in 1921, as the author states. The truth is that they were forced to do so by the general uprising of peasants, working men, and Kronstadt sailors in February and March of 1921. "Either we must satisfy economically the peasants or it will be impossible to maintain our power in Russia," such was the real situation in the characteristic words of Lenin himself. It is scarcely true either that the Russian Communist Experiment is the first in history and does not have any precedents. The danger of a new anarchy—in case the Soviet Government falls down—is exaggerated. The author explains the present sexual licentiousness among the young generation as the restult of the coëducational system in the Soviet schools, a system which, according to the author, was unknown in the old Russia. The truth is that the coëducational system was the dominant system of prerevolutionary Russia. Therefore it cannot be the cause of the present unmorality. Its real factors are quite different, as I tried to show in my "Sociology of Revolution." The per cent. of venereal diseases as well as that of divorce-cases in the present Russia given in the book is lower than that given in the official publications of the Soviets. The success of prohibition in Russia (now practically annihilated) is exaggerated. The description of the Communists as teetotalers is very far from being true. The rôle of Germany in the past of Russia has been not so idyllic as it is depicted in the book and Germany's rôle in the future of Russia is a little overestimated.

Notwithstanding these and similar misstatements almost inevitable in this kind of book, the volume is valuable, sincere, and reliable. Some chapters of it are exceedingly interesting. The last part of the book dealing with the future of Russia and her place in world civilization shows the deep intuition of the author in understanding what has been understood by but few foreigners up to this time. In spite of the terrible present the future of Russia is depicted as great, brilliant, and epoch-making "because Russia (besides the greatest natural resources and territory) has the human timber of which greatness is made."



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A Letter from France

By Maurice Bourgeois

THE period of three months which has just elapsed has been a pleasant one. The literary output has not been as overwhelming as usual, and most of the books published have been particularly worth while. Among the less recent works I should like to mention Marcel Prévost's "Sa Maîtresse et Moi," a moving study on the "right to kill" (written before the famous Stanislawa Uminska case), in which the author displays more brilliantly than ever his eminent gifts as a psychologist; François Mauriac's "Le Désert de l'Amour," an intensely pathetic novel on the sterility and desolation of love—a gloomy, depressing book, but written with infinite talent and with a consummate knowledge of the human heart; Henry Deberly's "L'Ennemi des Siens," a domestic tragedy showing powers of observation remarkable in a young writer; Paul Bourget's "Conflits Intimes," a book of short stories; Ernest Pérochon's "Huit Gouttes d'Opium," a collection of tales by the author of "Nène," which have none of the soporific quality suggested by their title.

Critical studies and literary biographies have not been very numerous. Bernard Fay, whose name is well-known in the United States, has published "Panorama de la Littérature Contemporaine," which deals rather with pre-contemporary writers, *e. g.* Rimbaud, Victor Hugo, and Anatole France. Of France, Fay (whose book was written before the attacks in "Un Cadavre" and the periodical *Clarté*) says that "his base imagination, his utter ignorance, and his inane elegance have brought him quite near to us." "Les Chefs de File de la Nouvelle Génération," by Lucien Dubech (dramatic critic of *L'Action Française*, *La Revue Universelle*, *and Candide*), is a reprint of twenty-two portraits of literary men contributed to the newspaper *L'Eclair*. In "Robert de Montesquiou et Marcel Proust," Madame E. de Clermont-Tonnerre throws much light on the relations between the Saint Simon of modern French society and the *poseur* whose photograph was taken two hundred times and who was chagrined because Rodin would not make a bust of him at a reduced price. Léon-Pierre Quint's "Marcel Proust: La Vie, son Œuvre" contains many unpublished details on the author of "Sodome et Gomorrhe," and a very able study of Proust's style.

André Lamandé, author of "Ton Pays Sera le Mien," an interesting novel on Franco-German relations (originally published in *Le Temps*), would like to institute what he calls *répétitions générales* (dress rehearsals) of novels: critics would be convened and speak of a new novel on the very same day (as is the case with plays). I regard Lamadé's suggestion as impracticable, for the very simple reason that critics receive an average of twelve to fifteen new novels daily, and would never find the time to read them nor the space to review them on the day of publication. Moreover, literary justice need not be made compulsory, and, as a rule, critics are very quick in discerning the really striking new novels, which they immediately recommend to the attention of their readers.

In a dithyrambic review (published in *L'Eclair*) of Pierre Frondaie's "L'Homme à l'Hispano," Pierre Benoit gives an original and highly practical definition of the novel. To distinguish whether a novel really deserves to be called fiction, he says, just divide the number of pages of the book by two: on the last page of the first half of the book, the story must have reached its climax. Such is the case with Frondaie's novel and with Marcel Prévost's "Sa Maîtresse et Moi." Incidentally, Benoit makes an ingenious distinction between the "Bajazet" type of novel (a man against two women: Stendhal, Dostoievsky) and the "Bérénice" type (a woman against two men: Balzac, Tolstoy in "Anna Karenina" and "The Kreutzer Sonata").

A new feature of book production (which favors a revival of the essay) is the publication of standardized "series" and "collections" such as Les Cahiers Verts, Les Cahiers du Mois, the Amis d'Edouard, Amis du Sage, Porte Etroite series, etc. The latest venture in this line is the Collection des Eloges: "Eloge de la Laideur," by Francis de Miomandre; "Eloge de la Frivolité," by André Beaunier; "Eloge de la Bêtise," by Louis Latzarus; "Eloge de la Folie," by Jean Cassou. Although Jean Cassou is best known as the translator of the Spanish writer Ramon Gomez de la Cerna, his book (the title of which alone is reminiscent of Erasmus) is more akin to the manner of Jean-Paul Richter and Heine (in the "Reisebilder"). It is a *highly original fantasy, in which some of* the characters bear the names of well-known musicians such as Boïeldieu, Grétry, and Auber.

Jean Cassou was the secretary of Pierre Louys, whose death at the age of fifty-five deprives French literature of one of its most eminent representatives. A great-grandson of Napoleon's physician, Dr. Sabatier, a grand-nephew of Junot, Duke of Abrantès, and a brother of the late Ambassador Georges Louis (whose notebooks, dealing with the history of the World War, have recently been published), Pierre Louys was above all a humanist and a stylist, whose perfection of form is best expressed by the untranslatable French word *vénusté*. His best-known works are "Aphrodite," "La Femme et le Pantin" and "Chansons de Bilitis." Louys was so thoroughly conversant with Greek literature that the eminent German hellenist, von Williamowitz-Moellendorff, took his "Chansons de Bilitis" for a translation. During the war, Louys, who was already ill and could not help national defence, served the French genius by writing his "Poétique" in which we read what must have been the writer's motto:

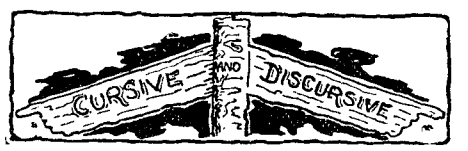
"Fermez vous même à la gloire la porte
"de votre maison. Silence autour de
"l'homme. Solitude. Fierté!"

Pierre Louys had become almost blind. To protect his house against German bombs and shells, he would play on the harmonium (which his friend Debussy had taught him) Wagner's curses (in the "Walküre") against the evil creatures which hover in the air. During the last years of his life he had been a drug addict and smoked, it is said, seventy cigarettes a day.

We are going through a regular Joan of Arc season. After François Porché's "Vierge au Grand Coeur," we have had the Pitoëffs's production of Shaw's "Saint Joan" at the Théâtre des Arts, and Mercedes de Acosta's "Johanne d'Arc," performed at the Porte St. Martin by the American actress, Eva Le Gallienne. Coincident with these theatrical interpretations of the Maid of Orleans, Joseph Delteil (author of "Sur le Fleuve d'Amour," "Choléra" and "Les Cinq Sens") has published his "Jeanne d'Arc"—probably the most discussed book of the year. Marred in parts by bad taste and by *gauloiserie* bordering on scatology, it is a freakish, anachronistic modernization of the legend of Joan. Delteil describes the Maid as "a girl of eighteen with a helmet hat, short skirt and silk stockings. She is a typist, or perhaps a salesgirl at the Galeriés Lafayette." Elsewhere she drinks *pinard* like a *poilu* of the Great War, and eats potatoes, "an eminently intellectual vegetable." In an article of self-defence published in *L'Intransigeant*, Delteil calls Joan "the perfect figure, three-dimensioned Woman, the ideal cube"! Both Jean Guiraud in "La Croix" and the anticlerical Paul Souday have anathematized the book which, it is rumored, will figure on the Pontifical Index and already appears in expurgated editions. Apart from its being an extravaganza and the work of a young author who likes to *épater le bourgeois*, "Jean d'Arc" is not without charm and contains passages of real beauty, particularly the description of the Blois camp and of the march into Orleans.

As Drieu La Rochelle justly observes in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, the French writers of the young generation seem to be turning from adventure to travel. Luc Durtain, in "Ma Kimbell," "conquers the world" on his motor-cycle; Maurice Dekobra's "cosmopolitan novel," "La Madone des Sleepings" (a sequel to "Mon Coeur au Ralenti," the scene of which was laid in New York) unfolds its action successively in Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, Georgia, and finally in Scotland. In his entertaining new book of short stories, "L'Europe Galante," Paul Morand (who lately published an article in *Le Journal* on *The International of the Heart*, and who has just been appointed French Chargé d'Affaires in Siam), reveals himself once more as the Petronius of the modern Cosmopolis, whose licentiousness he describes with a *préciosité* which will delight connoisseurs. While André Chevrillon (the Academician and nephew of Taine) seeks to disengage the "essence" of his beloved Armor in "L'Enchantement Breton," Louis-Frédéric Rouquette—who has been called the French Jack London—takes us to far-off Iceland in 'L'Ile d'Enfer." The call of the East (which is the subject of a symposium in "Les Cahiers du Mois": "Les Appels de l'Orient") inspires Jean-Richard Bloch's "La Nuit Kurde," a gruesome tale of rape and conquest; Jean Guirec's story of Chinese students in the Latin Quarter, "Lucette chez les Chinois"; and Roland Dorgelès's engrossing note-book on Indo-China, "Sur la Route Mandarine." Japan (which French readers knew only through translations of Lafacadio Hearn, or through the distorting prism of Loti's melancholy in "Madame Chrysanthème") is the theme of Ambassador Paul Claudel's "coup d' oeil sur l'âme japonaise"; of "masako," a pretty love tale written in French (and dedicated to Paul Valéry) by a Japanese lady, Kikou Yamata; lastly, of Thomas Raucat's delightful story of a Franco-Japanese week-end on Enoshima Island, "L'Honorable Partie de Campagne," which contains many striking observations on Japanese pudor and Japanese politeness. The form of the book itself is remarkable: it consists of eight chapters in which the various characters narrate the same events seen from individual angles (in "monologue intérieur," as employed by James Joyce in "Ulysses" and, before him, by the French writer Edouard Dujardin in "Les Lauriers sont Coupés"). Another technical detail worthy of note is the use—in a passage of Jean-Richard Bloch's "La Nuit Kurde"—of six superposed lines: two giving the text of the dialogue between the characters; two indicating their real thoughts (very different from what they say aloud); and the last two revealing their subconscious desires. "Notre Afrique" is the title of an anthology of the young Algerian littérateurs (the most prominent being Robert Randau, Charles Hagel and Louis Lecog), for which Louis Bertrand has written a preface showing the marvellous literary resources of the "greater France." In this enumeration of French works dealing with life abroad, I must not forget to mention three books on American themes: Jacques Lombard's "La Confession Nocturne" (on the misfortunes of a French nobleman who married an American millionaire); Christiane Fournier's "La Parable du Marriage" (on flirtation in American universities); and Blaise Cendrars's superb film-novel "L'Or," relating the half-fabulous story of "General" Johann-August Suter, the Swiss adventurer who, after he had become the richest proprietor in California, was completely ruined by the discovery of gold and died in a fit of insanity.

The Royal Swedish Academy has recently issued the work on pre-classical Greece, which the great scholar, Oscar Montelius, left unfinished at his death. The book is in the main a summary of the work of others, and it is not free from some serious errors. It was evidently in large part a sense of piety which induced the Academy to publish "La Grèce Préclassique."



THE other day we had a swim. It was in fresh water. It was in a lake. Large turtles were reported in the lake, which somewhat affected our complete *aplomb*. Turtles and eels. And watersnakes. Yet we struck out bravely and found such currents of cold in the warm water as suddenly made these perils of the deep seem nothing. Water so brindled with warm and cold is vastly pleasant to the senses. It is luxurious. And the day had been uncomfortably hot. We floated and contemplated with composure the sky of summer.

We reached the conclusion that the life amphibious would approximate felicity,—in spite of eels and watersnakes. But we should really prefer amphibiety in proximity to what Swinburne possibly referred to—no, it was Tennyson—as "the league long roller thundering up the strand." Like Phaon (not that Phaon occurs in that poem) there are summer days when (even *maugre* a Sappho) one would gladly hurl oneself from some steep Leucadian promont into the surge and thresh of the breakers. Those who seek amphibiety, as we ourselves have done, in applying liquid to their interiors rather than to their exteriors, proceed, we are now convinced, upon the wrong principle. They may eventually observe purple whales and pink sea-horses by this process,—yet, though *aqua pura* is rather an unstimulating thing, after all, to take into one's insides, it *is* an excellent stimulant to the epidermis, especially cold water in hot weather,—and the calm to the nerves that ensues is withal more lasting and less questionable in effect than the relaxation engendered by internal applications of alcohol.

But then you either like to swim or you don't. We like it. We prefer, as we have stated, the seashore to the tarnside. We don't particularly care for the undertow or the sea-puss, but salt water foaming and thundering and glacid sea-green as the comber curves, whips our not-after-all-so-Nordic blood to a pleasant abandon. We are, indeed, entirely with Algernon Charles when he sings:

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee;
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the Sea.

Not that that aspiration is anything particularly new. There are plenty of sea-lovers in the world. They have thus chanted inwardly, though without Swinburne's melodious articulateness, from time immemorial. What they are getting at, we suppose, is really that the Sea offers those of us who cannot, for stiff joints, or may not, because of convention, properly cavort in public, an opportunity so to cavort, and greatly,—aye, even with the most grotesque abandon. Indeed, once surrender yourself to the breakers, by diving through them, and you will soon find marvelous acrobatic antics enforced upon you. One cannot cavort thus in a lake. Not with the same abandon. Certainly not with the same feeling of heroism and hardihood.

But what a pathetic aspect there is in the sight of hundreds of such queerly shaped human beings flocking with such naïve sportiveness straight into the powerful grip of the great watery ocean, against whose strength their greatest strength is incredible weakness, against whose great guffaws of foam their mirth is so shrill and febrile! The Great Amorphous manifests in all its curves and whorls so much greater symmetry than the skinny or podgy bodies of these pigmy challengers of its eminent domain! Yet see how they beat their bosoms with their arms before it, inflate their chests, strut and ambitiously prance! If they are poets they probably return, after a dip, to their seaside lodgings to celebrate in windy rolling stanzas their own version of their triumphant battle with the waves. Hence sometimes I think that that distant mutter you hear from the sea all night, in "pure ablution round earth's human shores," is really a muffled laughter at the littleness and correspondingly gross conceit of man.

Though, after all, the Ocean needn't be so flip! It can cavort all day, all night, in and out of season. It cannot possibly realize all the inhibitions of man! Pathetic in a more tragic sense is the spectacle, for instance, of a town-dweller looking over a fence into a wide pasture in early May and envying the colt that suddenly, intoxicated with Spring, takes a long luxurious roll in the grass. If we forbade the Sea, by public edict, to human-kind, we might, perhaps, be gratified each Spring to witness sober citizens turning somersaults and hand-springs on front lawns or rotating rapidly and longitudinally through the meadows. At present they're too afraid. But since the ordinary exuberance of the common nature in all of us simply demands an outlet, why, we rush to the Ocean. The Ocean offers it to us in a fashion we have come to consider quite decorous. So, really, it ill becomes the Ocean to laugh at us behind our backs! After all—!

Yes, say you,—but what, may we inquire, have your excessively idle thoughts on Swimming and the Sea to do with Literature? Well, perhaps, they have only this to do. Literature today seems to us largely an obvious release of the natural but proscribed impulse to turn somersaults on the front lawn. Hence, we have really reached the conclusion that if more American authors were made to put in their time Ocean-bathing, instead of writing, they would derive real benefit therefrom—to say nothing of the benefit to the sweltering midsummer critics and, may we say, to the general reading public. At any rate, try it this summer, jaded author! You will really get just as much kick out of it as in the writing of a truly significant and powerfully uninhibited modern work. You will find vourself vastly calmed, soothed, and strengthened thereby. Oh, don't care if you are just a silly human being; after all, we're all that! Put on your bathing-suit forthwith; hire a beach-back and parasol for aged parent, aunt, or uncle. And then stroll down and make a good, big snoot at the ocean. After that it can't more than the ocean. After that and after all it can't more than drown you! W. R. B.

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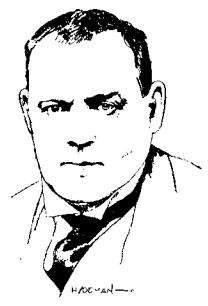
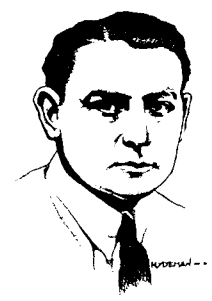
[*These famous biographies continue to sell at a pace that many a popular novel might well envy.*]



Hilaire Belloc's

MARIE ANTOINETTE

This biography of Mr. Belloc reads like the most fascinating of novels. Few pictures are more tragic than that painted by Belloc of the faded Queen, wife of one great royal house and daughter of another, dragged to the scaffold with no more ado than if she had been a common criminal. Scarcely less fascinating are the other characters in the drama. . . . Indeed Mr. Belloc on his great canvas has done a vivid picture of a period in history which for color, interest and emotion has no rival. The book is illustrated with rare documents and sells for five dollars.



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The Life and Times of CLEOPATRA

For the first time since the days of Plutarch, Mr. Weigall has studied Cleopatra in the light of facts and history. Under his hand the myths which have obscured the real greatness of the woman have been cleared away and the Egyptian Queen appears in a new role. She was a good and ambitious mother, a faithful wife in turn to Caesar and Antony. She failed only because the circumstances against her were too powerful. The book is illustrated and sells for five dollars.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Art

ALBERT RUTHERSTON. (Contemporary British Artists). Scribners. 1925. $2.

Mr. Rutherston's achievements as the editor of an excellent series of monographs on contemporary British artists, of which this is a volume, have shown his wide sympathy and intimate acquaintance with the artists of his country. His work as a painter, however, is of so slight a quality that one cannot escape the feeling that its inclusion in the series was largely a matter of courtesy on the part of the publishers, although they stoutly deny it.

Mr. Rutherston was a fellow-pupil of Orpen, John, and Wyndham Lewis at the Slade School, and his first paintings were in the Slade manner—dry, sober, and matter-of-fact. Since then, however, he has evolved into a decorative romanticist somewhat reminiscent of Charles Conder. His medium is largely watercolor on silk; his subjects are pierrots, harlequins, and the other battered stage properties of the 'nineties. It is work which in its remoteness from reality and its deliberate, cloying sweetness, represents the Beardsley tradition gone to seed.

Mr. R. M. Y. Gleadowe, who supplies the text, struggles manfully with the problem of not calling a spade a spade, and gives an elaborate if somewhat precious account of the artist and his work. Like the other volumes in the series, the book is attractive physically, the thirty-five illustrations being excellently reproduced. One would like to see the same amount of taste and labor devoted to a series of similarly low-priced monographs on present-day American artists.

ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE AT A GLANCE. By *Frederick Chatterton*. Putnam. $1.75.

Belles Lettres

CREDO. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

"At some period in his life every thinking man must establish his own basic relations with the universe, or remain restless, discontented, and unhappy," Stewart Edward White tells us in the introductory chapter to this, his Credo. "He must get himself a genuine *belief*. A great many people do not do this, to be sure; but it must be acknowledged that a great many people go into an increasingly discontented old age."

Forewarned is forearmed, and we take it that Mr. White, seeing discontented old age looming big on the horizon, has girded his philosophical armor about him and brought forth this book against time. His book is sane, it is simple, it is optimistic, it is prosaic. Salvation for him lies in "the expansion of self-consciousness by increasing awareness."

"We see that we—in company with all the rest of creation—have at once an urge and an obligation toward development," Mr. White points out. "That development is of ourselves and of the things with which we come into contact. The one is reciprocally dependent on the other."

"Credo" makes no pretension to be more than it is: a layman's book of philosophy, one man's way of dealing with his universe. Yet between any philosophic outlook upon life and actually living that philosophy there is a world of difference. Mr. White does not, as far as we can see, flesh his thoughts with the moving conviction of realities; he offers no discipline by which we may attain The Way. And because his style is the layman's, is prosaic throughout, and is without the quality of revelation, his argument, though it may be accepted by the intellect, is quite incapable of being absorbed by the whole organism and thus becoming a part of our working equipment.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS: A Tribute to Wilberforce Eames. Harvard University Press. 1924.

The thirty essays in this volume were written and published to pay homage to Wilberforce Eames, the dean of American bibliographers. A letter of explanation by George Parker Winship; a bio-bibliographical sketch of Eames by Victor Hugo Paltsits, his successor as Chief of the American History Division of the New York Library; a tale in Chaucerian couplets entitled, "The Clerk of Breukelyn," by Dr. Koopman of Brown, and two portraits of Dr. Eames form appropriate introductions. The contributors include many distinguished American bibliographers, including under that term Mr. Henry Newton Stevens of London and Mr. José Toribio Medina of Santiago de Chile.

The papers are all on American bibliographical matters, with the exception of one on the use of Hebrew type in non-Hebrew books from 1475 to 1520, and one giving a genealogical survey of editions before 1480 of the Fasciculus Temporum. Even the latter may be called American because it is based on the editions of the chronicle in the Annmary Brown Memorial at Providence.

The first paper is on the general topic of Aids to the identification of American imprints. Others, more limited in range, deal with Colonial arithmetics, books on architecture printed between 1775 and 1830, Elizabethan Americana, The literary fair in the United States, sixteenth century Mexican imprints, the promotion literature of Georgia. Others deal with specific books or series, such as the first California laws in English, the Royal Primer, the New England Primer, the Laws of Vermont, the Eliot Indian Tracts, the Ballad of Lovewell's Fight, DeBry, the writings of the Rev. John Cotton, the surreptitious printing of one of Cotton Mather's manuscripts, the Wall-paper newspapers of the Civil War. Others again deal with printers, either in groups such as The New York Printers and the celebration of the French Revolution of 1830, or as individual studies of Isaac Eddy, Ann Franklin, Thomas Green, Moreau de St.-Méry, and Mills Day.

NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS. By *Joseph J. Reilly*. Macmillan. $2.50.

NOW AND FOREVER. By *Samuel Roth*. McBride. $1.75 net.

THE HERITAGE OF GREECE AND THE LEGEND OF ROME. By *E. B. Osborn*. Doran. $1.25 net.

THE GREAT QUEST. By *Edward Bursell Moody*. Revell. $1.

AN AUSTIN DOBSON ANTHOLOGY. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

CAPTAINS AND KINGS. By *André Maurois*. Appleton. $1.50.

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE. By *Christopher Morley*. Haverford, Pa.: The Haverfordian.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By *William Crideaux Courtney* and *David Nichol Smith*. Oxford University Press. $10 net.

THE WANDERING SCHOLAR. By *David G. Hogarth*. Oxford. $3.

MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By *Prince D. S. Mirsky*. Oxford University Press. $1.

D. H. LAWRENCE. By *Edward D. McDonald*. Centaur Press.

HOMER AND HIS INFLUENCE. By *John A. Scott* (Our Debt to Greece and Rome). Marshall Jones.

ARISTOPHANES: HIS PLAYS AND HIS INFLUENCE. By *Louis E. Lord*. (Our Debt to Greece and Rome). Marshall Jones.

ARISTOTELIANISM. By *John Leofric Stocks*. (Our Debt to Greece and Rome). Marshall Jones.

SOUTHERN PIONEERS. By *Howard W. Odum*. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

Biography

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST. By JOHN RAYMOND HOWARD. Crowell. 1925. $3.25.

In his charming essay on "Choice of Books," Frederic Harrison alludes satirically to the "memoirs of the unmemorable, and the lives of those who never lived at all." The author of these reminiscences cheerfully accepts place among the "unmemorable," but, believing that he has "lived" in friendly association with a number of memorable folk, ventures to recall some remembrances concerning them—necessarily including his own story of over fourscore years.

His narative begins in old Brooklyn, his birthplace, when that city was a small town, and had a quite distinctive life of its own. His father was one of the founders of Plymouth Congregational Church to which Henry Ward Beecher came as its first pastor. A warm friendship sprang up between the author and Mr. Beecher which was terminated only at the latter's death. This friendship seems to have exercised a profound influence on Mr. Howard's life, for his book abounds with memories and praises of the great preacher, as well as of his equally famous sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

During the Civil War, Mr. Howard served as a trusted aide on the staff of General Fremont, to whom he was devotedly attached, and for whose ability he had the highest regard. He gives it as his opinion

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tence led to the general's final retirement to civil life. After the war Mr. Howard entered the publishing business, and followed it with varying fortunes for over forty years. During this period of his life he came in contact with many prominent literary figures, including Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell, as well as a host of lesser lights, among whom was Edward Noyes Westcott, whose Manuscript of "David Harum" he refused.

One could wish that this otherwise pleasant narrative did not make such free use of superlatives in depicting men's characters. The constant repetition of such adjectives becomes tiresome in the extreme.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD (1923-1925). By ICONOCLAST. Seltzer. 1925. $2.50.

On the whole an admirer, certainly always a laudatory critic, Iconoclast in his study of the Labor Premier belies his fractious pen name. He swings no sledge hammer, he hurls none of the verbal bricks that disappointed admirers historically are known to keep in readiness for popular idols. If there is any poison in his remarks, it is buried in a nosegay. He sets himself to solve the problem of MacDonald's obscuration in the later months of 1924. Though he recites the outward political events that led to the Labor Ministry's fall, and takes them into account, he seeks for a more intimate explanation of the downfall—for some flaw in the attitude or conduct of MacDonald himself. Circumstantially, delicately, it is intimated that MacDonald's foot slipped because he held himself too much aloof from his closer followers, and tried to carry too much of the burden of Government on his own shoulders. The most embarrassing circumstance about the "endowed automobile" was that he did not tell about it until his opponents got hold of the facts; about the Red letter, that he discussed it neither with his associates nor with the country: so at least *thinks* Iconoclast. All this relates to the personal influence and prestige of the leader, to his value as a figure, an idol, rather than to the actual work that he performed. For the reason that the MacDonald Government was singularly centered in one man, and that man one of rare and compelling qualities, the readers of biographical estimates will find this an interesting book, one that like the post mortems over a bridge hand, stimulates limitless discussion.

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. By *Harris E. Starr.* Holt. $4.

LETTERS OF ROSA LUXEMBURG. Edited by *Louise Kautsky.* McBride. $2.50 net.

MEMORIES OF FORTY-EIGHT YEARS' SERVICE. By *General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.* Dutton. $8.

The Fetish of Force

By Senator William Edgar Borah

When shall we start doing righteousness? While others have been arguing for World Courts and Leagues of Nations, the lonely Senator from Idaho, "Bill Borah of the Empty Train," has been concentrating on a concrete plan to arrest War,—a plan as novel as his own personality. In this brilliant paper Mr. Borah outlines his new Pan-American policy, which, if adopted, would, in his estimation and in that of his adherents, prove an important step on the Road to Peace. Critics and champions alike will answer "The Fetish of Force."

Behind the Scenes in Tennessee

By John Porter Fort

Dayton, the little East Tennessee town now thrown into the limelight of publicity, nestles among "Fundamental Hills." Through its Main Street the reader is lead by the hand of a young editor with distinct narrative ability, John P. Fort of the "Chattanooga News." Breakfast at the "Hotel Aqua," glimpses into the now historic drug store and barber shop, court house and school room, are features of this whole "inside story" of the anti-Evolution case.

What To Tell the Children

By Mildred W. Stillman

Nothing brings the current religious controversy more sharply home than the innocent remark of a child who asks leading questions about God at the luncheon table. Parents who are not Fundamentalists, and who do not accept a literal interpretation of the Bible, are faced with a difficult problem. Which will the child choose, "Grandmother's God, or Mother's God"? In this timely and very human little essay, a perplexed mother describes her struggles to satisfy the legitimate religious curiosity of her offspring.

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Drama

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN DRAMAS, NATIONAL AND LOCAL. Edited by *Montrose J. Moses.* Little, Brown. $4.50 net.

THE SAINT. By *Stark Young.* Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

THE DRAMA YEAR BOOK, 1924. Edited by *Joseph Lawren.* New York: Lawren.

WATERS OF LIFE. By *Julia P. Dabney.* Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Torch Press.

Economics

MINERS' WAGES AND THE COST OF COAL. By ISADOR LUBIN. McGraw-Hill. 1925.

If some one should arise suddenly and tell us that he had lived in the Stone Age and had taken no interest in the making of stone heads for spears and stone axes, we should be amazed. We should wonder what he had been doing with his time. But most of us take little interest in the manner in which coal is brought to our door, and yet we are sometimes told we live in a Coal Age. What sort of person is a coal miner? In those labyrinthine caverns where he grovels what does he do? How does he feel? Does he enjoy getting back into sunlight? Just what does being familiar with the inside of the world involve?

As an introduction to the more important part of his book, Mr. Lubin describes the mining of coal. Then he goes on to tell the facts about the elaborate machinery for fixing wage rates in the soft coal fields, that machinery that breaks down every once in a while and leaves factories idle and homes cold. He concludes that this machinery, an important part of which is the Interstate Joint Conference between operators and miners, is unwieldy and wasteful; it would be improved, he thinks, if the system of "differentials," that is, the system by which wages in different districts are adjusted to all sorts of local and varying factors, were eliminated. This is embedded deep in mining practice, and it would be difficult to adopt Mr. Lubin's suggestion. He analyzes, also, the effect of the wages system on coal prices and conservation of coal. His book is an illuminating discussion of a complex matter, free from prejudice. It is hard to read and it would take a very tough-minded person, unless he had some special reason for wanting to know what the author has to say, to get through it. But it suggests a little how order could be introduced at some points into the chaotic coal-production of a Coal Age.

THE INTRODUCTION OF ADAM SMITH'S DOCTRINES INTO GERMANY. By *Carl William Hasek.* Columbia University. (Longmans, Green).

WAGES AND THE FAMILY. By *Paul H. Douglas.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

Education

BEGINNING THE CHILD'S EDUCATION. By ELLA FRANCES LYNCH. Harper. 1925. $2.

In this day of enthusiasm for Kindergartens and nursery schools it is well to have this book to remind us (as Miss Lynch does in her preface) "that by beginning early and giving a few minutes' daily instruction as she works about the house, even the busiest mother can give her child the best of training and preparation for successful school years." The body of the book discusses concretely and pleasantly various ways in which such preparation may be given. The term "training" is used in its broadest sense to include character formation and habit building, as well as the storing of information in the child's mind. Special emphasis is laid upon methods of helping a little child to gain self-control and developing powers of observation and initiative.

THE HALE LITERARY READERS. Edited by *Edward Everett Hale.* World Book Co. 3 vols. 60 cents each.

RURAL SCHOOL METHODS. By *Elmer L. Ritter* and *Alta L. Wilmarth.* Scribners. $1.80.

MAKING HISTORY GRAPHIC. By *Daniel C. Knowlton.* Scribners. $1.60.

CORRECTING SPEECH AND FOREIGN ACCENTS. By *Grace A. McCullough* and *Agnes V. Birmingham.* Scribners. 88 cents.

HIGHLIGHTS OF GEOGRAPHY. North America. By *David Starr Jordan* and *Katherine Dunlap Cather.* World Book Co. $1.44.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY. By *Charles A. Proser* and *Charles R. Allen.* Century. $2.75.

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS. By *C. W. Odell.* Century. $2.50.

EASY FRENCH. Fiction. Edited by *George D. Morriss.* Century. $1.25.

A FIRST BOOK IN EDUCATION. By *Louis E. Heinmiller.* Century $2.

SOUVENIRS D'UN LYCEEN FRANCAIS. By *Firmin Roz.* Edited by *Kenneth McKenzie.* New York: The Century Co.

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Fiction

ROGUES AND DIAMONDS. By SELWYN JEPSON. Dial. 1925. $2.

Here is as excellently fashioned and satisfying a piece of adventure romance as the connoisseur of such productions could desire. It is well written, thrilling, ingeniously designed, and achieves genuine novelty in its departure from the usual exhibitions on view in the mass of mystery fiction. Its hero is a young Englishman, destitute and out of work, whose trials are due largely to a misconceived belief that he has murdered the man responsible for them. A starving fugitive from justice, he is offered immediate work by a stranger, on condition that he observe certain pledges of obedience, secrecy, and integrity.

That night the young man saves a desperate girl from suicide in the Thames, and it develops that they are both employed by the same sinister, mysterious individual. Their meeting reveals other common ties, which are welded into closer links when the plot carries them to a remote country house where synthetic diamonds are in the process of manufacture. Villains, greed, violence, stark fiendishness, plain and fancy, are here let loose upon the young couple, and in the conflicting chaos they escape with the legitimate rewards of their perilous exertions. We finished the book with regret that there was no more to read.

GORA. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. London: Macmillan. 1924.

Though there may be those who with good reason prefer Rabindranath Tagore in his more poetic or philosophic moods, yet the student of modern Indian life and institutions will be thankful for a novel such as "Gora," wherein the customs and beliefs, superstitions and traditions of the land are presented with all the vividness of intimate experience. He who expects to find in "Gora" the shimmering, rainbow quality of the typical Tagore will be disappointed, for the author permits no direct intrusion of his own colorful personality and keeps his ethereal fancy rather close to earth, depicting his characters after the manner of the realistic novelist rather than with that romanticism and with that wealth of imagination that one might have expected of him. Whether the result is equal to the author's capabilities is perhaps open to question, but there will probably be few to deny that the book is interesting at the same time as it casts a vivid illumination upon the life and the mental outlook of the typical Hindu.

The story is largely taken up with a study of the conflicting Indian sects and breeds, with the struggle between the orthodox and those of more liberal or modern views. Gore, the hero, a man dynamic alike in his aggressiveness and in his intolerance, is the apostle of religious conservatism, or rather of reaction; Binoy, his bosom friend, is inclined to drift away from the old dogmas, and the result is a constant battle between the two.

Despite the fact that the novel introduces us to unfamiliar scenes and situations and revolves about the unraveling of unfamiliar problems, one never feels one's self to be in an atmosphere that is altogether alien; and in spite of the palpable superficial differences that separate the characters and their environment from western characters and a western environment, one feels that they resemble us more closely in their passions and their prejudices than we are generally prone to admit. It is no doubt still true that "East is East, and West is West;" but one of the chief functions of a book such as "Gora" should be to show that the gulf between the two, while still wide, is perhaps somewhat slighter than is generally conceded.

THE SMITHS. By JANET A. FAIRBANK. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $2.

Mrs. Fairbank's second novel is a serious and distinguished work whose breadth and richness of materials far outweigh the minor flaws perceptible in its techincal structure and method of narration. It is the chronological history of Peter Smith and his wife Ann, but it is primarily the biography of the latter rather than his, from the early days of their youthful marriage during the Civil War till the recent years when Ann is a widow of over 70 and a great grandmother. The bulk of the story's movement is carried in the epic rise of Peter Smith from an obscure workingman to a place of immense wealth and power in the newly launched steel industry, while, fused into the whole, one watches the stupendous growth of Chicago, decade by decade, from semi-pioneer times to the summit of metropolitan significance.

Peter is essentially the obvious type of concentrated, iron-willed, ambitious materialist, and as such he is secondary in subtlety of characterization to the sensitively portrayed Ann. She is the faithful companion of his lifetime's struggle, but never, as at first she had hoped to be, the sharer of his dreams and endeavors. Primitive instinct — secretiveness, self-reliance, taciturnity—cut him off from all but remote contact with even so apparently close an intimate as his wife. There is nothing deep or mysterious about him, his wall of aloofness being the natural product of a silent tongue and an indomitable purpose to get what he wants. At heart and in his worldly dealings he is honest, ruthless, irreproachably just, but utterly lonely.

Ann, at twenty, had descended from a higher sphere of life to marry him, to bear the hardships of comparative poverty in the succession of alternate ups and downs which they experience prior to his conquest of enduring affluence. It is always evident to Peter and to all who know her that she is his intellectual and spiritual superior, a woman fit to be the mate of someone infinitely finer than the uncouth, dour financier. Her motherhood and early maturity bring her solace in the love of their three sons and a daughter, but once, while traveling abroad alone, she meets and cares for a man who is the sort one feels is worthy of her. But, for the ultimate good of all concerned, Ann behaves herself, if with an effort, and the budding affair comes to nothing though the memory of it survives with her till she is past fifty.

We follow her through the years, as her children grow into rebellious or comforting young people who bring her the exuberant witnesses of long-deferred, but inevitable old age, her grandchildren. But through its entire journey Ann guides the course of her life with unfailing grace and dignity, with a wistful and exalted rectitude, which sustain her far above the petty commonplaceness of the family she has borne and the dull, though appreciative, husband she has blessed with her devotion. At the end, when past seventy, she gives herself away by saying to an old friend who has always secretly loved her: "Life is all very well to live, Dan,—but it won't bear thinking about." Those who care for fiction which pictures life clearly, realistically, competently, yet without any of the strong odors which arise from sex laboratories, can scarcely find better reading among the current novels than "The Smiths."

LEVEL CROSSINGS. By COLERIDGE KENNARD. A. & C. Boni. 1925. $2.

One feels that the author of these stories is saying when he writes them, not "I must make up a story," but "I must make others see what I see, feel what I feel."

To this task he brings a seeing eye, an ability to sort out the significant from the mass of the trivial, and a sensitivity to delicate impression and nuance. But in the central artistic problem of transmitting what he sees and feels he is only partly successful. His book is hurt by occasional obscurity and eccentricity, and by frequent

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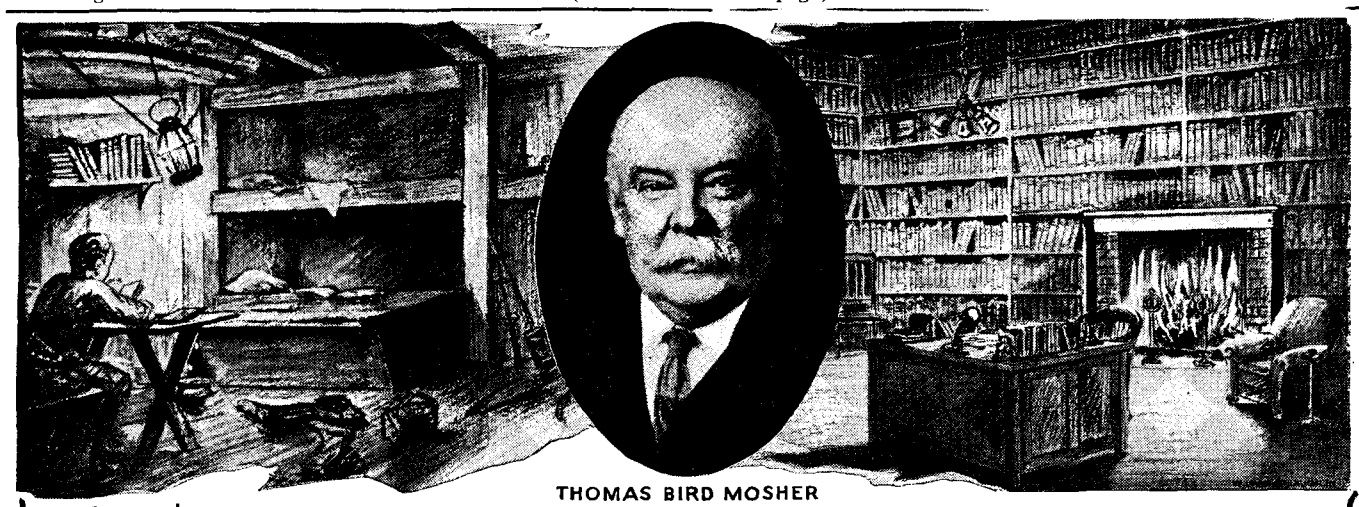

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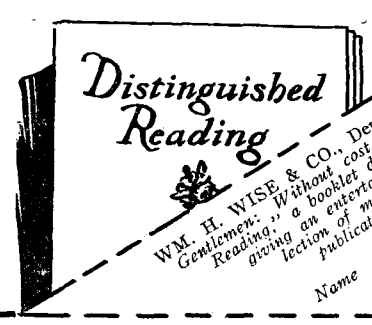

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tricks of style incompletely mastered. Many of the stories are told with tortuous windings back and forth in the time sequence. That is all very well for Conrad, but dangerous for Sir Coleridge Kennard. He has a habit of putting indirect quotation into quotation marks—a device which has its uses, but which loses its effect and becomes irritating in sustained dialogue.

Nevertheless some of these stories leave pictures finely true. In widely different settings (Sweden, Switzerland, England, Russia) we see tragic bits of life—tragedies of misunderstanding, of dulness, of struggle against inevitable decay and change. Sometimes the pictures are brighter, but always tragedy is in the background, always there is the sense of mystery and fate. Unfortunately, however, some of the poorer stories provoke the disconcerting suspicion that the sense of mystery is due less to the quality of the matter than to the obscurity of the manner.

Among the better stories are "Luck," "In the Shallows" and "Two People in Love." These have the very savor of life. They justify the book and make us hope for more and better.

THE MONARCH. By PIERRE MILLE. Translated by FAITH CHIPPERFIELD. Greenberg. 1925. $2.

This agreeable collection of stories deals with a Frenchman of the Midi named Bonnafoux, who is known to his townspeople as "the Monarch." Though he has hardly a cent in the world, he manages to live on the generosity of his neighbors through his wit, good-humor, and originality. He is, indeed, the pride of the little town of Espelunque, a worthy descendant of Tartarin, as vivacious as he is sometimes improbable, and as amusing to his friends as he is to the reader.

Several of the Monarch's escapades make first-rate entertainment. With lies tripping off his tongue almost without his being aware that they are lies, he gets himself into difficulties which require all his ingenuity and charm to get him out. Take, for example, his courtship of Madame Emma with her four hundred francs a year, who marries him in the belief that he is a rich landowner, and is led as a bride to a ramshackle home. And then the follow-up: the visit of Madame Emma's relatives, which necessitates keeping up the pretense of wealth, an undertaking which the Monarch copes with successfully. But beyond doubt his most hilarious adventure, as well as his greatest *coup*, was the wager with the naval lieutenant that he could ride a horse a hundred kilometres a day for two successive days. This story is told with remarkable gusto, and is genuinely funny. And this gusto, if not everywhere so strongly, runs through the whole book, along with the winsome qualities of the Monarch, and some charming pictures of the portion of the Midi which is his kingdom.

A BRIDGEMAN OF THE CROSSWAYS. By JUSTIN HERESFORD, JR. Marshall Jones. 1925.

"A Bridegman of the Crossways" is a garrulous discussion of the revolt from orthodox religion of first and second generation Yankee immigrants to Nebraska. Nine-tenths of this biographical novel is monologue, trite, prone to the most wretched of puns, and endlessly discursive. Who but a Yankee could chew for one hundred and fifty pages over the inconsistencies of the Episcopalian Prayer Book?

With a wealth of excellent local color material apparently at his elbow, Mr. Heresford chooses the sterile way of petty controversy. At its best, there is in the book a hint of "David Harum" and of the unjustly forgotten Ironquill of Kansas.

THE VALLEY OF STRIFE. By MARSHALL R. HALL. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

There are enough gun-fights in this yarn of the wild and woolly to provide the shooting spectacles for at least three productions of the same type. In fact, when the fire-arms are temporarily inactive, one is bored and held to the puerile course of the narrative only by a knowledge that fresh slaughter is brewing and will not be long in being let loose. The hero is Clive Morgan, upstanding he-man, ex-Ranger, cowboy extraordinary, who wanders into Arizona from Texas looking for a job of ranching work. He encounters Forest Glade, (a girl, not a pic-nic park) owner of the Swinging J Ranch, which has been deserted by all of its male help after half of her herds have been rustled off her land by her thieving cattlemen neighbors. Clive appoints himself foreman of Forest's declining property, sends for thirty of his Texas buddies to act as his crew of punchers, and when they arrive peace departs from the valley for many miles around. The reader who likes "Westerns" will find in Mr. Hall's romance one of the best we have recently read.

DESTINY. By RUPERT HUGHES. Harpers. 1925. $2.

"Destiny" is preceded by a solemn prologue in which one is allowed to hear the Angels of Heaven pompously discussing the lowly life of earth. God Himself looks in to caution his celestial assistants against the fallacy of believing that existence down here is simple or easy. The Angel of Derision courageously volunteers to temporarily occupy the body of a girl called Niobe, in order to gather information for the heavenly records. The Angel of Scorn likewise undertakes a similar mission by entering the soul of an illiterate hill-billy, Joel Kimlin.

The story proper then commences and, insofar as we could see, proceeds without the prefatory rumble-bumble having any bearing whatever upon its development. Mr. Hughes permits his heavenly spectators to comment occasionally upon the show they are watching, but their speeches and the device of the prologue are entirely extraneous and unessential to the tale itself. The latter is a serio-comic romance, singularly labored and long winded, whose arid dullness is relieved at rare intervals by an oasis of graceful and first rate writing.

Of course the mundane paths of Niobe and Joel cross and conflict continuously, which supplies the slowly unwinding threads of action. Joel gets religion of the Holy Jumper denomination, deserts the backwoods bent upon salvaging souls, Niobe's in particular, wanders to the city and essays the role of a slum Messiah. He struggles with the devils of his flesh, succumbs, fights them some more, and has a generally terrible time without showing any perceptible improvement. Niobe too, has her troubles, but they are are of a genteel, scented kind, for she is a lady, born to wealth, beauty, charm, culture, and the high places. Joel, the sly dog, nearly ruins her, but she escapes the fires of seduction to wed a bloated financier. Except for the bright spots mentioned, "Destiny" is pretty tame reading.

THE SONS OF THE SHEIK. By E. M. HULL. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

The author of that sweet and succulent masterpiece, "The Sheik," has given us, in the present volume, an epic sequel worthy of a place beside that shining marvel of yesteryear. Here we meet again old friends, the lovely Diana Mayo, scarcely touched by the passing of over twenty years; that splendid and inscrutable personage, Sheik Ahmed ben Hassan, her lord and spouse; the devoted and gallant comrade of the family, Raoul St. Hubert. But best of all are the two newcomers who have joined the circle, Ahmed's and Diana's sons, now entering upon early manhood and the inherited responsibilities of their widely different positions.

Caryll, the elder, has been reared carefully in England under the guidance of his grandfather, the old Earl of Glencaryll, whom he has now succeeded as head of the house. Ahmed Jr., has been kept at home to thrive upon the desert sand, and has become the living image of his indomitable and fiery sire. Indeed he follows the example of the old man's once goatish ways to perfection, committing rape, and abducting his victim with a zeal and flourish fit to warm the heart.

Caryll comes to Algeria, for the first time since his childhood, to visit the picturesque traveling circus of which his father is boss and ring-master. No effort or expense is spared to give the youth a rousing welcome, and consequently he is treated to the most exciting time of his life. Somehow or other we don't care for it, but "—God forgive us, who are we to judge!"

SUNKEN GOLD. By ANDRÉ SAVIGNON. Translated from the French by EDGAR JEPSON. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

Yo-Ho-Ho-Hum! This pirate story has a wooden leg, or, perhaps, clay feet. It is a pity, for there is nothing wooden about the characters. M. Savignon's knowledge of the English Channel is excellent, and so is his understanding of the French fishermen and wreck robbers. He draws his characters well, and apparently without effort. A few words of description, an unconscious, self-revealing remark—and there is a character, living individual. A writer who can do t[illegible] thank God for it, and treat his characters with respect. Unfortunately, Savignon obliges his people to do what is stupid and improbable. This is particularly true at night, when they adjourn outside to spy on one another. Often, the over-taxed landscape cannot afford enough places of concealment, and we have the effect of each character hiding behind the other, the last one hiding behind himself.

M. Savignon's best touches are reminiscent of the work of Master Loti, though more cluttered with incidents and less eloquent in style. While his philosophy seems shallow for notable work, his sense of characters and locality is too good, or at least the wrong kind, for treasure-mysteries. He might do well to hang his harp on a willow. It was not made for jazz.

THE HAIRY ARM. By *Edgar Wallace*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

MARSH LIGHTS. By *Rachel Sevete Macnamara*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

THE GOOSE WOMAN. By *Rex Beach*. Harpers. $2.

THE LUNATIC AT LARGE. By *J. Storer Clouston*. Dutton. $2.

CONFIDENT MORNING. By *Arthur Stanwood Pier*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Miscellaneous

CODED LIMERICKS. By S. B. DICKSON. Simon & Schuster. 1925. $1.50.

The publishers of the above are following up their success with the Cross Word Puzzle books by presenting another exercise for your ingenuity. A red band, running diagonally across the jacket of this Limerick book informs one that "This Code Book is for the Confidential Use of Members of the Secret Service," but smaller type declares this a spoof. Poe's "Gold Bug" is printed in the front of the book, together with a foreword by the author on how to decode the limericks. The jacket bears further information.

We tried one out, and, after what seemed like fifteen minutes of hopeless struggle found the hidden limerick actually emerge. The hints in the "Gold Bug" and certain additional hints by the author as to the prevalence of certain vowels and consonants and what key letter combinations to look for do really help. Certainly a long winter evening would pass like a flash while one set about decoding a couple of these limericks. The only trouble with the pastime is that it is likely to become too absorbing!

CHATS ON FEATURE WRITING. By H. F. HARRINGTON. Harpers. 1925. $2.75.

The writing of special feature articles is an art entirely distinct from that of everyday newspaper reporting, and is treated with this point in mind by the members of the Blue Pencil Club of Professional Writers, whose advice, comment, interpretative articles, in fact, everything a prospective young feature writer should know, are collected and edited by Mr. Harrington. The various types of feature stories are presented, looked into, and analyzed for the benefit of the neophyte; the building of the story, revision, and marketing are dwelt upon at some detail. Over thirty well-known feature writers—among them Will Irwin, James B. Connolly, Kenneth Roberts, Irvin S. Cobb, Fred Kelly—lend a helping hand in this business of putting the essentials of special article writing on a practical basis for the beginner. This book should prove useful to those desirous of entering this particular division of journalism.

BARBER SHOP BALLADS. Edited by *Sigmund Spaeth*. Simon & Schuster. $2.

COMB MAKING IN AMERICA. Compiled and privately printed by *Bernard W. Doyle*.

Pamphlets

WHAT IS AMERICANISM? By *William M. Salter*. New York: American Ethical Union. 15 cents.

DRYDEN'S CRITICAL TEMPER. By *John Harrington Smith*. Washington University Studies.

THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE. By *Duren J. H. Ward*. Denver: Up the Divide.

WASTED. By *Kathryn Peck*.

HOSPITAL HYPOS. By *Willie Live*. U. R. Weil Co., 809 Lexington Ave., New York.

THE LAWS OF MAH-JONGG. Revised and standardized by *Joseph Park Babcock*. New York: Parker Bros.

ROBERT BURNS: A REVELATION. By *Otto Heller*. Washington University Studies.

A REVIEW AND AN OUTLOOK. New York Labor News Co. 5 cents.

GRAVITY. By *Charles F. Johnson, LL.D.* Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell.

WAR-TIME ADDRESSES 1917-1921. By *J. L. Magnes*. Seltzer. 50c.

THIRD BIENNIAL REPORT OF THE MINNESOTA WAR RECORDS COMMISSION. Saint Paul.

THE SECTARIAN INVASION OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By *Dr. Louis I. Newman*. San Francisco.

THE QUEST FOR TRUTH. An Account of Research. Published by the Committee on Development, University of Chicago.

BERNARD BOSOUQUET, 1848-1923. (From the Proceedings of the British Academy. Vol. XI.) London: Oxford University Press. One shilling, net.

THE PROMOTION LITERATURE OF GEORGIA. By *Verner W. Crane*. Cambridge, Mass.

Poetry

A POETRY RECITAL. By *James Stephens*. Macmillan. $1.50.

SONNETS AND VERSES. By *Enid Clay*. Golden Cockerel Press.

PICTOR IGNOTUS, FRA LIPPO LIPPI: ANDREA DEL SARTO. By *Robert Browning*. Golden Cockerel Press.

A BOOKFELLOW ANTHOLOGY, 1925.

WINDOWS OF NIGHT. By *Charles Williams*. Oxford University Press. $2.25.

HILL FRAGMENTS. By *Madeline Mason-Manheim*. London: Cecil Palmer. 6s. net.

COLLECTED POEMS OF H. D. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

Religion

THE NEW ORTHODOXY. By *Edward Scribner Ames*. University of Chicago. $1.50.

THE WONDER OF LIFE. By *Joel Blau*. Macmillan. $2.

SURVIVAL. Edited by *Sir James Marchant*. Putnams. $2.

MEASUREMENTS AND STANDARDS IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. Edited by *Walter S. Athearn*. Doran. $5 net.

CURRENT WEEK-DAY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By Philip Henry Lotz. Abingdon Press.

THE RELIGION OF THIRTY GREAT THINKERS. By *Albert Gehring*. Marshall Jones.

Science

CHEMISTRY TO THE TIME OF DALTON. By E. J. HOLMYARD. Oxford University Press. 1925. $1.

A brief account of the development of chemistry as a science from the gropings of earliest speculation down to the establishment of the Atomic Theory by John Dalton (1766-1844), this little book avoids weighty theory without becoming superficial. There are many evidences of careful study based, the author states, as far as possible on original sources. For the person with an intelligent interest in the subject, or for the student who wishes a point of view slightly apart from the class-room and laboratory, this will make helpful reading.

THE CASE AGAINST EVOLUTION. By *George Barry O'Toole*. Macmillan. $3.50.

THE EARTH SPEAKS TO BRYAN. By *Henry Fairfield Osborn*. Scribners. $1.

THE LIFE OF THE CATERPILLAR. By *Jean Henri Fabre*. Boni & Liveright. 95 cents.

Travel

WE VISIT OLD INNS. By MARY HARROD NORTHEND. Small, Maynard. 1925. $3.

Were we able to spend a summer's vacation exactly as we pleased there could be nothing more delightful for us than to follow Miss Northend's pilgrimage through the quiet villages of New England, and to visit the picturesque old taverns still to be found scattered here and there through the quiet countryside.

In a gossipy, entertaining style the author tells us of the popular legends and historic incidents clustering about each of these old "ordinaries," some of which have never closed their doors since receiving their first license in the seventeenth century. She carries the reader back to the days of the early Puritan, who found warmth here on a winter Sabbath after the two-hour sermon in the unheated meeting-house: to the stirring days of the Revolution when men like Washington and Lafayette found shelter and entertainment within their hospitable walls: and to the early nineteenth century when the village inn became the haunt of such literary and political celebrities as Longfellow, Rufus Choate, and Daniel Webster.

In nearly every inn visited Miss Northend noted something of distinctive interest in furniture, china, or glassware that gives to each particular hostelry an added interest and charm. In the Wayside Inn, immortalized by Longfellow, she was attracted by the number and variety of antique lanterns: in the Wayland Inn by the rare types of old samplers, some dating back to Elizabethan times: in the Berry Inn by its fine collection of exquisite Bohemian glassware: and so one through an extensive list.

To one who loves the quiet attraction of an old New England village, and to one who finds interest and delight in antiques of all kinds, this book will afford much pleasure.

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THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT
By Julius A. Bewer
Professor in Union Theological Seminary

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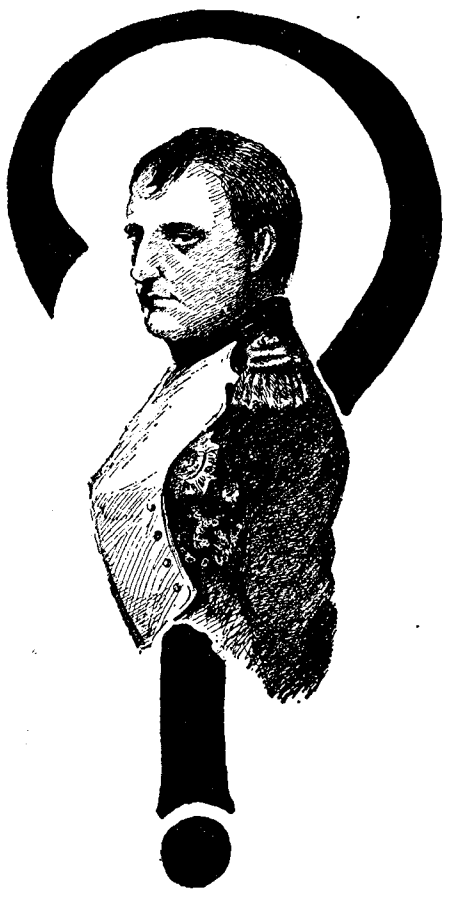

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FOR AN ANSWER
See Page 909

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

PRAIRIE FIRES. By LORNA DOONE BEERS (Dutton).

JUNGLE DAYS. By WILLIAM BEEBE (Putnams).

ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME. By RODOLFO LANCIANI (Marshall Jones).

A. K. M., Quincy, Ill., asked for advice on preparing a paper on "Greek Myths in Art," for a club, to be illustrated with slides.

MY advice was sent by mail, and because the reply comes that it was successful, here it is for the use of others: Use Gayley's "Classic Myths" (Ginn) as a base of operations: this not only gives the outlines of Greek mythology but many of the references to it in modern literature, especially English poetry. A good book to help one choose stories of popular appeal, for an audience to whom entertainment counts at least as much as information, is the familiar "Myths of Greece and Rome," by H. A. Guerber (American Book Co.), for this has many pictures, all or almost all of paintings by moderns, in illustration of the stories told. The speaker in this case, as the slides were shown, either told the story or read appropriate passages from Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Shelley, Keats, Byron, and so on. These slides were secured through the Art Institute at Chicago and were satisfactory; there are a number of places in this part of the country in which clubs may be fitted out.

Speaking of clubs, as the program-making season is still on, let me remind committees studying poetry that the April Number of the *Southwest Review*, formerly the *Texas Review*, Dallas, Texas, has articles by poets on how poetry is produced that would be well worth bringing to their clubs, especially "The Primary Inspiration," by Marguerite Wilkinson, and "The Creative Process," by Mary Austin. Also there are some noteworthy poems. It is fifty cents a copy.

F. W. L., Pittsburgh, Pa., asks for books about present-day Arabs and desert life: "not sheik novels but the real thing."

ROSITA FORBES'S adventures in "The Secret of Sahara: Kufara" (Doran) may have started the rush—they were certainly thrilling enough—but anyway there have been books enough about Arabs in the last few months to fill a shelf. The most romantic is "The Lost Oases" (Century), the story of explorations in the remotest regions of the Libyan desert, by A. M. Hassanein Bey, which opens with the reasons why men go back to that land once safely free of its hardships. Of desert night he says: "It is as though a man were deeply in love with a very fascinating but cruel woman. She treats him badly, and the world crumbles in his hand; at night she smiles on him and the whole world is a paradise. The desert smiles, and there is no place on earth worth living in but the desert." (Well, Mr. Stefansson would have something to say to that. He prefers the smile on the face of the North Pole. If he can still find this section attractive after setting down his story of the "Adventure of Wrangel Island," published this spring by Macmillan, there must be something in it.)

"The Arab at Home" is by Paul W. Harrison (Crowell), a medical missionary: it is detailed and sympathetic, an excellent book for clubs, and with an especially understanding chapter on the Arab and Christianity. "Arabs in Tent and Town" (Putnam) is an intimate account, bubbling with stories, of the family life, hospitality, and psychology of the Arabs of Syria, by a British traveller, A. Goodrich-Freer, F.R.S.G.S., whose name is Mrs. H. H. Spoer. This again would be good for clubs, it has much about the life and status of women. "With Lawrence in Arabia," by Lowell Thomas (Century), is the story of the most romantic figure in modern military history, Col. T. E. Lawrence, creator of an Arabian army, scholar, dreamer, and adventurer to the edge of belief. This, too, is full of stories of Arab life and customs. All in all I don't see how one could get more varied entertainment than from these four books. Why go to the trouble to invent sheiks when real ones are so readily reached?

IT was curious that the first letter to reach me in Paris, headquarters of the Guide for the month of May, should be from *O. G., Buffalo, N. Y.*, adding to the list of books on French travel one just published by Ulbrich, Buffalo, "A Summer in France," by Louis Wright Simpson, which he calls "an unconventional guide-book, from Carcassonne to Mont St. Michel," and that the second should be from *G. E. R., Lexington, Mass.*, asking for a book on Carcassonne. She asked for a novel about this city, but the only one I know about is "The Most Famous Loba," by Nellie Blisset, in the form of a chronicle of 1226, published by Appleton but out of print. I may as well add, on my own account, to that French travel collection, two books just published, "Regarding the French," by Mona Clarke (McBride), called in the English edition "French Cameos," and "Collector's Luck in France," by Alice Van Leer Carrick (Little, Brown). The first is a set of brief sketches that anyone intending to spend more than a week in Paris will find singularly illuminating on aspects of French life—the ones on French women and their ways are especially sensible—and the second has the addresses of any number of antique stores. But Mrs. Carrick's book has more than that—it has the right spirit in which to approach this city. "It is the only city I have ever known where I could be so poor—and happy," says she. "I love the quickly changing crowds, friendly, yet quite oblivious if you want to be ignored."

W. H. W., Jamaica, N. Y., is going to Europe this summer and asks for one or two good phrase-books in French and in German, with a compact dictionary for each language.

I HOPE she will not have sailed before the news reaches her that "All You Want in France," published by Hugo, 103 Newgate St., London, and the corresponding volume for Germany, make excellent aids to the traveller. The same firm publishes a grammar for each language. Another handy series is "What you want to say and how to say it," "in French," "in German," and so on down the line; this has dictionaries that may be purchased with the phrase-book, and is published by Heman, 326 Broadway, N. Y.

According to my mail, all America is travelling; I have been answering questions on travel-books all this week. M. P., New York, is going on an automobile tour through the Cape Cod country, and Nova Scotia to Labrador.

FOR the first, "Cape Cod and the Old Colony," by Arthur Brigham (Putnam), a view of the country and a review of its past; other books that would add greatly to such a tour are M. R. Bangs's "Old Cape Cod" (Houghton Mifflin), and "Cape Cod, New and Old," by A. E. Rothery (Houghton Mifflin). For Nova Scotia there is the friendly and informing "Ambling Through Arcadia," by Charles Hansen Towne (Century), and though I can't pretend to advise on travel-plans, there is of course the Automobile Green Book, "Main Touring Routes in Nova Scotia," recently published by the Scarborough Co., Boston. As for Labrador, all I know about it is that an acquaintance of mine dropped into the edge of it from a balloon once and found it so far from crowded that he walked for a week before he found where he was. But if I had read "Labrador: The Country and the People," by Wilbur Grenfell and others (Macmillan), no doubt I should have a mental image less bleak. Besides this there are of course the books of Dr. Grenfell, "Labrador Days," "Northern Neighbors," and the famous "Labrador Doctor," all from Houghton Mifflin, and W. B. Cabot's "Labrador" (Small, Maynard).

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I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.
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Speaking of Books

Early MSS.
dating so far back as the fourteenth century, figure in this interesting edition of *Spanish Grail Fragments* edited from the unique manuscript. Volume I contains, besides the actual Spanish texts, introductory and supplementary chapters. Volume II is in English and contains the most extensive commentary that has yet been published on a single Old Spanish text. The notes are of a text-critical, grammatical, and lexicographic nature, and form a valuable contribution to the knowledge of Old Spanish. *Spanish Grail Fragments.* Vols. I and II. By Karl Pietsch. Sold only in sets, $5.00, postpaid $5.25.

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for modern language study—grammar, pronunciation, vocabulary, reading, and translation—is outlined in this convenient handbook. The student of modern languages could be assigned no more profitable first lesson than the contents of this small guide. *How to Study Modern Languages in High School.* By Peter Hagboldt. 25 cents, postpaid 27 cents.

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Points of View

From M. Hamon

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I read in your interesting weekly an article by Mr. Ernest Boyd, "Shaw en Deshabille," which contains a few errors of facts. I think you will be kind enough to publish the present letter in order to put matters straight.

Mr. Boyd writes "M. Hamon was a Belgian Socialist without any qualifications whatever." I am sorry to say that Mr. Boyd writes with much assurance about things that he is utterly unacquainted with. I am not a Belgian, but French, and I can show French ancestry going back to the middle of the XVIIIth century. When Bernard Shaw asked my wife and myself, in 1904, to be his French translators, he was asking this of a man who had "some literary qualifications." The fact is that I had at that time published seven volumes and contributed to several "young reviews" (*La Société Nouvelle, L'Aube, L'Art Social*, etc.), and had founded and edited, from 1897 to 1903, a review, *L'Humanité Nouvelle*.

Since that time, Mr. Boyd might have known that I lectured from 1909 to 1912 at the Sorbonne, "Faculté des Lettres de Paris," on Bernard Shaw's Theatre compared with that of Molière, ten to twelve lectures yearly. To be allowed to lecture at the University, you must either be a "Docteur ès Lettres," or the works that you have published must be declared equivalent to a doctor's degree by the council of the University.

You will own that if I am still "without any literary qualification," Mr. Boyd's exigence is indeed without its like.

I doubt not that Mr. Boyd is a master of the French language and knows all the niceties of our language, and his appreciation of our translations certainly has a great weight. However, I hope he will allow me to attach a much greater weight still to an appreciation by Rémy de Gourmont, who wrote: "I have received the first volume of your Bernard Shaw. . . . Yours was an excellent idea of translating those plays which are so curious ("Widowers' Houses," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Philanderer"), and besides do not seem to be translations, so natural does the French language appear."

For your readers and not for Mr. Boyd, who is too well acquainted with our French literature to ignore it, I shall recall that in France, Mr. Rémy de Gourmont is considered one of the greatest French critics and writers of the period between 1890 and 1915.

It is true that Mr. Robert d'Humières has declared that B. Shaw's works were unreadable in the Bas Breton of Augustin Hamon. This was the expression of his dissatisfaction with G. B. Shaw and myself. After the production of "Candida" in Paris, in 1908, Bernard Shaw wrote to M. d'Humières a letter so full of plain truths that he took care not to publish it. Bernard Shaw sent me a copy, and it is probable that the letter will be published some day.

As for myself, I gave the reasons of the failure of "Candida" in 1908 in my book "Le Molière du XXe Siecle: Bernard Shaw" which was caused by M. d'Humières's miscomprehension of the comic art of Bernard Shaw.

Such truths offended M. d'Humières and he took his revenge without any analogy with the French language. It is only sheer ignorance which can make anybody compare it with "bad French" or to call the latter "bas breton."

I have just given you Rémy de Gourmont's appreciation in 1913; you will allow me to add the following appreciations written in 1925, by well-known men of letters after the triumphant production of "Saint Joan" in Paris.

From M. André Rivoire (*Le Temps*): ". . . we have been particularly sensible of the naturalness and strength of this French version of 'Saint Joan.' It is only fair that the two translators after having had the trouble should now reap the honors."

From M. Pierre Véber (*Le Petit Journal*): "The translation by M. et Mme. Hamon is excellent because none of the intention of the author has been lost, and this was not easy. M. Shaw has not been betrayed, and he may be thankful to those who have dressed his Joan in French attire."

From M. Paul Reboux (*Le Journal du Peuple*): "The author, admirably served by M. and Mme. Hamon, first-rate translators . . . "

From M. Fernand Vandérem (*La Revue de France*): "'Saint Joan' has had the greatest success at the Théâtre des Arts, thanks to the admirable interpretation of M. et Mme. Pitoëff . . . the excellent translation of M. et Mme. Hamon . . . "

Such estimates prove that Bernard Shaw was right in upholding our translations and that Mr. Boyd is grossly mistaken when he asserts that "G. Bernard Shaw has shown a consistent predilection for the inappropriate and incongruous in matters of this kind."

This also shows once more that G. Bernard Shaw was justified in writing in one of his prefaces that he was endowed with a normal eye that saw men and things just as they are, a very rare normalcy, he writes. Alas, for Mr. Boyd, who is not among those who possess it.

A. HAMON.

Penvénan, France.

Thanks Are Due—

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It seems to me the review of "'Margery' the Medium" in the current *Saturday Review* is the first, or almost the first, intelligent notice of a psychic book I ever saw in a reputable high-brow publication.

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD S. MARTIN.

Life, New York City.

A Poe Find

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I wonder whether there are many other Poe collectors who have had such luck over such a short time as I have had! For many years a host of men have hoped that theirs might be the good fortune to turn up a file of *The American Museum*, the short-lived, inglorious periodical edited at Baltimore in 1838-39 by N. C. Brooks and J. E. Snodgrass, in which first appeared those two incomparable and wholly characteritsic works by Poe, "Ligeia" and "The Haunted Palace." Nevertheless, the Peabody file, and the separate numbers owned by Mr. J. H. Whitty, of Richmond, remained all that were known. I have just found another, complete and sound, save for a missing page and defects in two others, and in the original calf binding.

This, together with my copy of the 1831 "Poems" and an autograph presentation copy of Mrs. Whitman's "Edgar Poe and His Critics," inscribed by Mrs. Clemm, are the result of a year of collecting only. Their total cost was merely nominal—a few dollars. Can any other match it, I wonder?

KENNETH REDE.

Baltimore, Md.

THE REVIEW OF ENGLISH STUDIES, a new quarterly, edited by R. B. McKerrow, is published in London by Sidgwick and Jackson. Its first number (January, 1925) frankly announced its intention of devoting itself to research "in all departments of the English language and literature," but proceeded to lay stress on a liberal concept of what constitutes research. It is the task of literary historians, we are told, "to discover not only the facts, the dry minutiæ, but the relations between them, their reactions upon one another, those slower changes and developments to which the most clear-sighted of contemporaries must be ever blind. . . . This *Review* will therefore welcome new facts—however disconnected and in themselves unimportant they may be—but it will welcome no less cordially attempts to weave such facts into a large unity. . . . Its pages will be open to all new matter, to all new interpretation of the old; the one kind of article that it is hoped to exclude is the mere compilation which has nothing fresh to say."

The *Review's* "advisory panel" contains a number of the most distinguished names in contemporary British scholarship, and the contributors to the first issue are stars of the first international magnitude. One can not help wondering whether no American philologist was deemed worthy of inclusion in this initial galaxy. Professor Schuecking attacks afresh the tricksy problem of Shakespeare and Sir Thomas More, Mr. E. K. Chambers adds some "Gleanings" to his massive volumes on the Elizabethan theatre, and in the form of a "Note" on certain chapters of that monumental work the eminent dramatist and actor Mr. Granville Barker contributes a brilliant remonstrance on the subject of Elizabethan staging. There are other names, no less shining, and the range of subjects extends from the Ancren Riwle to Byron.

Trade Winds

BEST Sellers in my shop the past fortnight:—"The Common Reader," by Virginia Woolf; "Anatole France en Pantoues," by J. J. Brousson; "The Polyglots," by William Gerhardi; "Concerning Evolution," by J. Arthur Thomson; "Woman and the New Race," by Margaret Sanger; "Drums," by James Boyd.

* * * *

And when I say Best Sellers, I mean anything that has sold as much as three copies. Business, officially described by the Booksellers' Board of Trade as "quiet," has been almost inaudible here in the East Fifties. Fortunately it doesn't matter so much to me, my good old grandfather, who invented Danish pastry, left me an adequate income (every visitor to Aalborg, Viborg and Ringkjoebing knows the Quercus pastry shops) so my young Amherst assistant and I beguile these warm mornings by discussing theology. I entirely agree with him that these intellectual English bishops and archbishops who want to discard some of the XXXIX Articles must be a great embarrassment to the American ecclesiasts who are all for *rigor mortis* in the church. I came to this country as a young man because I could see it was the last hope of Toryism; and entered the book business because it is almost the only way, in America, that a man of taste can be sure of losing money with dignity. I know exactly how the American bishops look upon their colleagues of the Church of England. They feel as I do toward the bootlegger on 47th Street who sold me a case of *Old Orkney Relics*, apparently intact from the Stromness Distillery, Orkney, Scotland. (Stromness, a Scandinavian word, observe.) But on examination I found that a neat circle had been cut out of the bottom of each flagon, the contents diluted, and then the round of glass cemented in again. It looked like Old Orkney, and the seal and cork were perfect; but somehow its hind legs had been sprained.

* *

But I am training up young Amherst to be a good sound conservative in the book business. Some day he'll be able to look a publisher's salesman in the eye as calmly as Joe Jennings of the Old Corner in Boston, play pinochle like Andy Pierce of Little, Brown and Co., and preside over a convention with the wit and readiness of Walter McKee himself. I'm not going to spoil him by letting him read too many books. *The Publishers' Weekly* is enough, and perhaps also the Grosset and Dunlap lists; and he is learning something of the seamy side of the business by making a tabular analysis of the plugs that appear on the 25 cent counters at Liggett's. Did you ever see the publishers' salesmen lined up waiting to sell overstocks at the Liggett buyer's office? Dante didn't divulge a moiety of it.

* *

Of course Amherst and I don't altogether neglect literature in our chats together. I've introduced him to the "Gallant Ladies" (not Barney's but Brantome's) and to Paul Morand (whose "Nordic Night" reminded me so amusingly of the muscular gymnosophist symmetries who used to go bathing along the Mariager Fjord in my young days; I always wanted to write a story about Katie of the Cattegat) and to Edmund Lester Pearson's "Studies in Murder." Because I do believe that a man who, so to speak, had never tasted anything stronger than Clicquot Club ginger ale ought to know that there's another member of that family—I mean Veuve. I was amused to find him looking over a book called "The Best Love Stories of 1924," of which, in a rash moment, I bought one copy. How much further will the mania for annual "Bests" carry us? How about a volume (will Frank Harris oblige?) of The Best Unprintable Stories of 1925. And my pupil is getting a good deal of fun out of Brann the Iconoclast. He made rather a shrewd remark after reading some of Brann's vertigoes. "He was the Mencken of his day," said Amherst.

* *

Philadelphia book-circles look forward pensively, I gather, to the Sesquicentennial (whatever that is) arranged for 1926 by Edward William Bok. The enterprising Walter Cox, who runs John Wanamaker's book department over there, is already staving off publishers' salesmen wanting to buy him lunches at which they can explain why their books about Philly should have preferred position in the grand Sesquicentennial window-display that Walter dreams of. The new Gimbel building will completely island Leary's famous store, but this will not dismay Governor Stuart and his genials. The great newspaper war in Philadelphia continues. Rumor hath it that when the *North American* was bought by Mr. Curtis the *Inquirer* gained 75 thousand subscribers. I prefer to wait for Audit Bureau figures before advising publishers where to place their advertising. Philadelphia, much later than most cities, was invaded by the Little Bookshop fever: I wish them luck, and grandparents. Particularly lively seems the Locust Street Bookshop (1527 Locust Street) which issues a monthly leaflet of its enthusiasms. Mr. T. A. Daly, the well-loved Harp of Germantown, is busy editing an anthology of American humorous verse for the David McKay Company; no man in the world is better qualified, provided he includes some of his own. And Mr. Bart Haley, who once collaborated in a humorous novel with (I believe) the late Marshall P. Wilder, has started a column in the *Evening Ledger*, also syndicated to the New York *Evening Post*. As soon as Mr. Haley's column was started every publisher in America began bombarding him with books in the hope of getting them mentioned. It is a well-known fact that friendly mention by the right columnist is the most valuable assistance books or booksellers ever get. No columnist ever mentioned me, so I had to start a column of my own.

* *

Other book traders luxuriating abroad: Mr. George H. Doran, Mr. Alfred Harcourt, Mr. John Hessian (of Doubleday's), Miss Grace Gaige (of Macy's), Miss Emily Street (of Stokes), Miss Marion Dodd (of the Hampshire Bookshop) and three of her staff, who are combing such nooks of enchantment as Heffer and Sons, Cambridge, England, for oddities to delight the coonskin-coated demoiselles of Smith College next Christmas time.

* *

The best detective story I've read lately—and one that has that very rare asset, a sense of humor is Earl Derr Biggers' "The House Without a Key." The scene is laid in Hawaii, among emigrants from Boston, and there are some most quaintly amusing waggishnesses about the *Transcript* and other Boston institutions. Mr. Biggers, whether writing about Seven Keys or Waikikis, knows his job. He and Mr. Tom Beer and Mr. Elmer Davis are my three nominees as middlewesterns who have preserved untarnished their native sense of the ludicrous. Mr. Biggers' allusions to surfboarding and young *bainsdemeristes* make me sigh for the beach at Elsinore. The South Seas edition of Stevenson, at 90 cents a volume, announced by Scribner's, seems a very sound publishing venture. There is a perpetual sale for Stevenson and rightly. Before you begin to make up your Christmas lists, consult my favorite publisher, T. Hasegawa, 17 Kami Negishi, Tokyo, Japan. His booklets (in English) of Japanese fairy tales, printed from woodcut type and divinely illustrated in colors on Japanese crepe paper, are without exception the pleasantest Christmas novelty I know. Some of his Japanese fairy tales are translated by Lafcadio Hearn. Mr. Hasegawa also publishes beautiful postcard reproductions, in color, of Hiroshige prints. No American publisher has ever done anything that seems to me one tenth as charming. I have never forbidden anyone to write to him for his catalogue.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

In his "Die Umschichtung der Europaischen Vermögen" (Berlin: Fischer), Richard Lewisohn, a noted German writer on finance and economics, presents a survey of the social and political changes which have resulted from the condition of exchange since the war. His book is at its best when dealing with the period of inflation in Germany, but is always an instructive and interesting volume.

Paul Morand, in his "L'Europe Galante" (Paris: Grasset), presents a number of sketches with cosmopolitan settings, illuminated by his quick and biting humor and frequent cynicism. His vignettes are of all parts of Europe and in the main show European life in its fantastic and depraved forms. Apparently it is a Europe which he personally finds most unlovely at the present moment.

Jean Kessel and Helene Iswolsky have collaborated in a historical novel which is an adroit tale, with considerable of plausibility, even if it is not a work of any depth. "Les Rois Aveugles" (Editions de France) is the chronicle of the events which preceded and attended the death of Rasputin; the story itself is slight but it serves as an excuse to introduce the Czar, the Czarina, and some of the figures of their court.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

"THE BOOKMAN'S GLOSSARY"

"THE BOOKMAN'S GLOSSARY," by John A. Holden, published by R. R. Bowker Company of this city, is a handbook that every printer, librarian and collector, who desires to be well informed or who needs this information, should own and keep easily accessible. It is an octavo, containing 127 pages, well printed and substantially bound and is intended for those interested in any branch of book production, distribution, collecting, or selling. It is a compendium of information, a glossary of bookish terms used in the several industries allied with book publishing: paper making, printing, binding, illustrating, and cataloging, much of which would be difficult to find elsewhere, and it brings a great deal of material into compact space that has heretofore been widely scattered through various works of reference. Mr. Holden's definitions are concise, clear, and comprehensive, and one will be surprised to see how thoroughly his book covers its field. A well-known cataloguer of this city in a letter says: "I keep the useful volume within hand's reach and find frequent use for it. I have read it from beginning to end and find it admirably comprehensive and well done. You should tell the young collectors and cataloguers about it for it will be invaluable to them." These are the words of a well informed bookman. In the course of a year scores of letters are sent to this department containing questions that this book is planned to answer. To this class of readers we would say by all means add "The Bookman's Glossary" to your shelf of books about books, for it will help you to a clearer and more accurate knowledge of bookish words and terms that will give you great satisfaction to understand. Mr. Holden has given us a reference that will be widely useful and many will be grateful to him for making it.

MSS. OF SCOTT'S "ANTIQUARY"

AMONG the rarities to be sold at Sotheby's in London this month is the original manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's "The Antiquary," comprising 310 quarto pages, numbered by the author, together with several letters in regard to the manuscript, one by the author himself. This magnificent manuscript was sold at Evans's, together with twelve other manuscripts of Scott's works in August, 1831, and came into the possession of Captain Basil Hall, the friend who in the same year, when the author's health was failing, obtained permission from the British Admiralty for him to take a voyage in one of the ships of the navy and accompanied him to Portsmouth to see him off. Captain Hall mentioned to Scott that he had become the possessor of the manuscript and the author remarked that he "preferred it to any other he had written" and if he could see the manuscript for a few minutes he would give his reasons why.

The manuscript was placed in Scott's hands and in a letter dated "27th October, 1839, Portsmouth," he goes into details as to the original of the Antiquary:

"Among the numerous creatures of my imagination, the author has had a particular partiality for 'The Antiquary.' It is one of the very few of my works of fiction that contains a portrait from life and it is the likeness of a friend of my infancy, boyhood, and youth—a fact detected at the time by the acuteness of Mr. James Chalmers, solicitor-at-law in London. This gentleman . . . when he read 'The Antiquary,' teld my friend, William Erskine, that he was now perfectly satisfied that Walter Scott, of whom personally he knew nothing, was the author of these mysterious works of fiction; that the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, of Monkbarns, was drawn from the late George Constable of Wallace Craigie of Dundee, who dined, when in Edinburgh, twice or thrice with my father every week & used to speak of my sayings and doings as a clever boy. . . . I owed him much for the kindness with which he treated me . . . he taught me to read and understand Shakespeare. . . . The sort of preference which I gave and still give this work is from its connection with the early scenes of my life."

The manuscript is closely written in Scott's customary regular and rapid hand, with small inner and no outer margins. Numerous additions, some of considerable length, appear on almost all of the blank pages opposite the main body of the text; erasures and interlinear and marginal corrections are as usual few. The condition is excellent throughout. The catloguer says that "probably this is the finest existing manuscript by Sir Walter Scott, the manuscript of 'Waverley' being incomplete."

"BOOK AUCTION RECORDS"

"BOOK AUCTION RECORDS," established in 1902 by Frank Karslake and recently under the new management of Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, London, will be published for the American market by the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*, and the first bound volume under the new editorship will be ready for distribution this month. The index now completed covers 15,000 books of the auction year ending July, 1924. The new publishers plan to increase the speed of publication, so that the next yearly volume will be closer to the date of the completion of the season. In the meantime, many improvements of typography and arrangement have been worked out, so that the book is of much more value than heretofore. The reception given to the index of "Book Auction Records," for the first ten years, covering 200,000 entries, published a year ago, has encouraged the undertaking of a second decennial index which is being pushed forward rapidly by a large staff.

FORTHCOMING LONDON SALE

THE last catalogue received from Sotheby's of London is that of a sale occurring July 27, consisting of selections from a number of consignments, comprising highly important manuscripts, books, bindings, and autograph letters. The manuscripts include an Italian Psalter of the fourteenth century, one of the finest of its kind known; an English "Concordance of the Bible" of the twelfth century; a twelfth century Seneca; a thirteenth century Bible; and leaves of fine miniatures and several from the Orient. Rare early English literature is represented by such items as George Chapman's "Phillis and Flora," 1598; Nicholas Breton's "An Olde Man's Lesson," 1605; Thomas Campion's "The Description of a Maske," 1607; Thomas Lodge's "An Alarum Against Usurers," 1584; and Captain John Smith's "The Sea-Man's Grammar," 1653. Among bindings by the masters is a fine large type Grolier example and two choice Maoli bindings. Rarities of a later period include tracts of Erasmus, a book annotated by Gabriel Harvey, the first issue of the first edition of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," first editions of Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, a fine copy of Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics of 1881," and many choice modern French bindings. Among the autograph letters are fine specimens of Washington, John Eliot, Carlyle, Thackeray, Stevenson, Lamb, and Napoleon.

NOTE AND COMMENT

COLLECTORS are looking forward with interest for the index of "The American Book Prices Current" for the ten years of 1912-1922 promised early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co.

* * *

The announcement comes from J. B. Lippincott of a memorial edition of the "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster, which will be sumptuously illustrated with 500 portraits, facsimiles and other illustrations collected by B. W. Matz, editor of *The Dickensian*. It will be handsomely bound in blue buckram, stamped in gold, and issued in two volumes in the Fall.

* * *

After much comparing of notes, it appears that the oldest retail bookselling organization in New York is the Methodist Book Concern, which was formed in 1789 in Philadelphia and removed to this city in 1804 where it has remained. It began business in Gold Street. After several changes in location it became established at 200 Mulberry Street where a printing plant was added. In 1869 it moved to 805 Broadway and twenty years later into its own building at 150 Fifth Avenue. This unbroken record of 120 years of retail bookselling is one hard to beat in this country.

* * *

The death of Col James H. Manning, editor of the Albany *Argus*, ends the career of a great autograph collector, the outstanding feature of whose collection is a magnificent set of the autographs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Some years ago he paid the then sensationally high price of $4,600 for a Button Gwinnett signature, which completed his set. When interviewed, he said that he expected to live to see the Gwinnett signature double in value. He called attention to this prediction last winter when a Gwinnett signature brought $14,000 in the same Philadelphia auction room in which he had made his purchase only a few years ago.

* * *

American interest in the Gutenberg Museum at Mainz is shown in the practical efforts being made to put this international monument on a firm and enduring basis. The American fund of $25,000, and more if it is needed, will be raised, and the first instalment of $5,000 has already been forwarded. Edward E. Bartlett, who has awakened interest in this country in the museum, has been elected to the governing board of the Gutenberg Society. The American patrons include the Grolier Club, American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Printing Arts Club of Evansville, Indiana; New York Employing Printers' Association, Franklin Typothetae of Cincinnati, Rochester Typothetae, Southeastern Master Printers' Federation, and the Houston-Galveston Typothetae, Inc., and the work has only just begun. Contributions for the fund are steadily coming in from authors, printers and booklovers. Checks should be made payable to John A. Wilkins, Treasurer, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York.

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GENERAL ITEMS

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The Phoenix Nest

THE view from the roof of *Harold Bell Wright's* house in the Arizona desert (which we have been permitted to share *via* photographic publicity) appeals to us as being quite a nice desert view. * * * But, upon the whole, we should prefer at present to stare across a nice cool ocean. * * * For two years Mr. Wright has been hard at work upon "A Son of His Father," which will appear in about a week. * * * If we had been at work upon a book that long, seems to us we could have evolved a title with more originality. * * * Still, it's logical. * * * This is Mr. Wright's eleventh novel and it is advertised as "The Book that Sells by the Carload." * * * Such is life * * * We will comfort ourselves with "Barber Shop Ballads," the only book we know in which phonograph records are slipped inside the front and back covers. This is a vol. of incomparable close harmony. *Sigmund Spaeth* has edited it, *Ellison Hoover* has decorated it, and *Ring Lardner* has foreworded it. * * * Every man is, as the publishers truly say, "at heart a barber-shop-ballad singer," and the many will rejoice in this masterly discussion of "swipes" and "parts" so usefully presented in a fascinating brochure,—and the actual phonograph records of the songs give the finishing touch to words, music and notes. * * * Dutton is bringing out in America an unusually interesting military autobiography, "Memories of Forty-Eight Years' Service," by *General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien*. General Smith-Dorrien's military career began in the Zulu war of 1878, and his account of Isandhlwana, at the beginning of the book, is graphic and exciting. * * * *Robert Bridges*, the British poet laureate, is publishing a book of poems (probably his last) this coming fall, containing his experiments in a new prosody. * * * *Eden Phillpotts's* "The Country Wife" is the most successful play now on in London. * * * *Nathalia Crane*, the young author of "The Janitor's Boy," sends us a postal from Haines Falls, N. Y., saying that her book is now out in London. * * * Another book of poems that appeals to us, and to which we are looking forward, is *John G. Neihardt's* "The Song of the Indian Wars," illustrated by *Allen True*. This is part of an Epic Cycle of the West upon which Mr. Neihardt has been working for eleven years. "The Song of Three Friends" and "The Song of Hugh Glass" were the former volumes. * * * In the new book is staged the last great fight for the bison pastures of the plains between red man and white. "The Yellow God," the story of the gold craze in the Black Hills, and "The Death of Crazy Horse," the story of how the last great Sioux was betrayed to his end, are section titles from the book that seem to us to promise stirring things. * * * *Vachel Lindsay's* "Collected Poems" with drawings by the author will soon demonstrate this poet's success in two mediums. * * * At Christie's in London, on July 24th, the executors of *John Singer Sargent* will sell pictures and water colours from his London studio, both his own compositions and pictures owned by him. * * * "May Days," the anthology of *Masses-Liberator Verse*, 1912-24, will be published by Liveright in the fall. *Genevieve Taggard* is its editor, and it will be illustrated with twelve wood-cuts by *J. J. Lankes*. * * * And here comes *Rex Beach's* "The Goose Woman," a collection of five of Beach's short stories. * * * *May Lamberton Becker*, the wizardress of the *Reader's Guide*, is in England and reports that recently, when there was only one day's rain in three weeks, Londoners seemed shocked at the spectacle of June weather in June. Then, when it rained, after the coldest Midsummerday in fifty years, they were reassured, as though, "if the rain's on the roof all's right with the world." * * * We congratulate *Hervey Allen* upon his "Earth Moods," a recent book of poems that has flashes of remarkable imagination. * * * *William A. Lorenz*, who once made a map of *Jules Verne's* "Mysterious Island," is still very much alive and sends us a blue-print of the map. It is a fine piece of work and we wish we could reproduce it here. * * * The *Scott Fitzgeralds*, with daughter, Patricia, have taken an apartment in Paris. A volume of short stories by Scott will appear in the fall under the title of "All the Sad Young Men." * * * *Bernice Lesbia Kenyon* is finishing her first novel at Bellagio, Lake Como, Italy. * * * And *Sidney Howard* is completing *his* first novel at Wiscasset, Maine. * * * If you want to contribute toward a forty thousand dollar statue or other memorial of *Walt Whitman* to be placed in some public park of this city, address The Authors' Club Whitman Memorial Committee, 34 Nassau Street. The Authors' Club is sponsoring a movement with this intention. * * * *William Gerhardi* has recently explained that he was born of English parents in Russia, was at a Russian school and an English University, and served in the British Army. During the Revolution he was with the English Military Attaché in Petrograd and later served on the staff of the Military Mission to Siberia. * * * Out of all this experience emerged "Futility." He refers in a letter to the Siberian campaign as "a stupendous comic-tragedy acted in epic surroundings." * * * Mr. Gerhardi has prepared a critical study of Anton Chehov. * * * A professor of rhetoric in the University of Michigan is using *Elinor Wylie's* "Jennifer Lorn" in his classes as an example of model English. * * * *Heywood Broun* has a crimson silk shirt in which he fishes on Hale Lake. Seen at a distance he resembles a beautiful woodland sunset. * * * *Carl Brandt* held a barn-dance at his country place on the Glorious Fourth. It was multitudinously attended. * * * *Herbert S. Gorman* and *Jean Wright Gorman* have gone aboard and abroad. Herbert probably has several dozen literary works in progress. * * * *Louis Untermeyer* and *Jean Starr Untermeyer* are at the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, as are *Robert Haven Schauffler*, *Maxwell Bodenheim*, and others. * * * We are going up there ourselves if we get a chance. * * * Because we are tired of writing these literary notes. * * * Still, and all, we might be working harder than we are. * * * Our favorite ghost-story writer is *M. R. James*, provost of Eton since 1918, author of "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary," more of same, "A Thin Ghost," etc. We see he had a new ghost story in the May *London Mercury* which was recently reprinted in the *Living Age*. * * * Next Monday at 8:30 P. M., at "The Shipwreck Inn," 107 Claremont Avenue, *Alf Kreymborg* will give a recital. In Chicago, where he recently visited, Alf was tendered a great reception. * * * Get your tickets at the Sunwise Turn Bookshop, Washington Square Bookshop, Penguin, Columbia University Bookstore, or Unicorn Bookstore. * * * We call your honorable attention to the "Poems of John Skelton," edited by *Richard Hughes* and published by Heinemann last year, a great selection of the early sixteenth century author of the famous "To Mistress Margaret Hussey," etc. * * * Which reminds us that *Charley Evans* of Heinemann's has been staying with *Frank Doubleday* in this country. * * * Bonnier's store on Third Avenue, near our office, has certain sheet music in its display window. We have been attracted by the Danish title, "Varför Jag Kysste Dig?" * * * Well, why? * * * *James Bone's* book about London (illustrations by *Muirhead Bone*) is to be called "The London Perambulator" and will be out this fall. * * * *A. Edward Newton* has written a preface for the Lambskin Library edition of "Parnassus on Wheels," by the *S. R.'s* own *C. D. M.* * * * And now, gentles, with the remark that *Rosalind Moses's* "The Life after Death in Oceania and the Malay Archipelago" seems to us the prize title of the week, we are going to suddenly, silently vanish away. * * * But, alas, we may be **heard of again!** THE PHŒNICIAN.

Recently under the direction of Miss Jane Robertson, London playgoers had the opportunity of hearing in the English language two plays by Czech authors, the first being Vrchlicky's "Above the Chasm" (Nad Propastí), the second being "The Ninth Night" (Devátá Noc), written by Victor Dyk and translated into the English language by Cyril J. Hrbek. It is interesting to note that the latter play was translated by Mr. Hrbek, who resides in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, when he was a student at the University of Nebraska and formed a part of the work required of students in the literary course of the Slavonic Department of that University. Another rather striking fact is that this production on the London stage of "The Ninth Night" represents the first time that the play has ever been actually put on the stage, for as yet Dyk's play has never been presented in the Czech language in which it is written. Its success on the English stage has made the Czechs eager to have the play given a hearing in Prague.

FISHMONGER'S FIDDLE

When they got to the workhouse, the first thing they did was to undress Alice and put her into a hot bath. Then they put her to bed, and she never got up again. George's Mollie went to her funeral, and when she returned to the village she was full of resentment and full of scorn:

"They said she died of a concert in her throat, but they'd no call to put an old woman into a bath—not all at once. She was too old for that sort of treachery. Wash when you can and when it's wanted, that's what I believe in. I washes up as far as I can, and the next time I washes down as far as I can, but I wouldn't be put in no bath for fifty shillings. If God in heaven meant us to drown'd ourselves in water we'd a bin made like fishes."

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***A. E. Coppard is a name you should not soon forget.*—N. Y. World.**

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